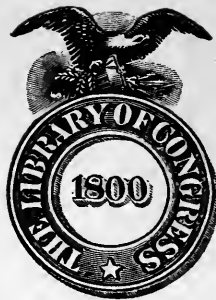




THE DONKEY

Other Kentucky Mountain Poems

BY
TIMOTHY CHARLEY FUSON



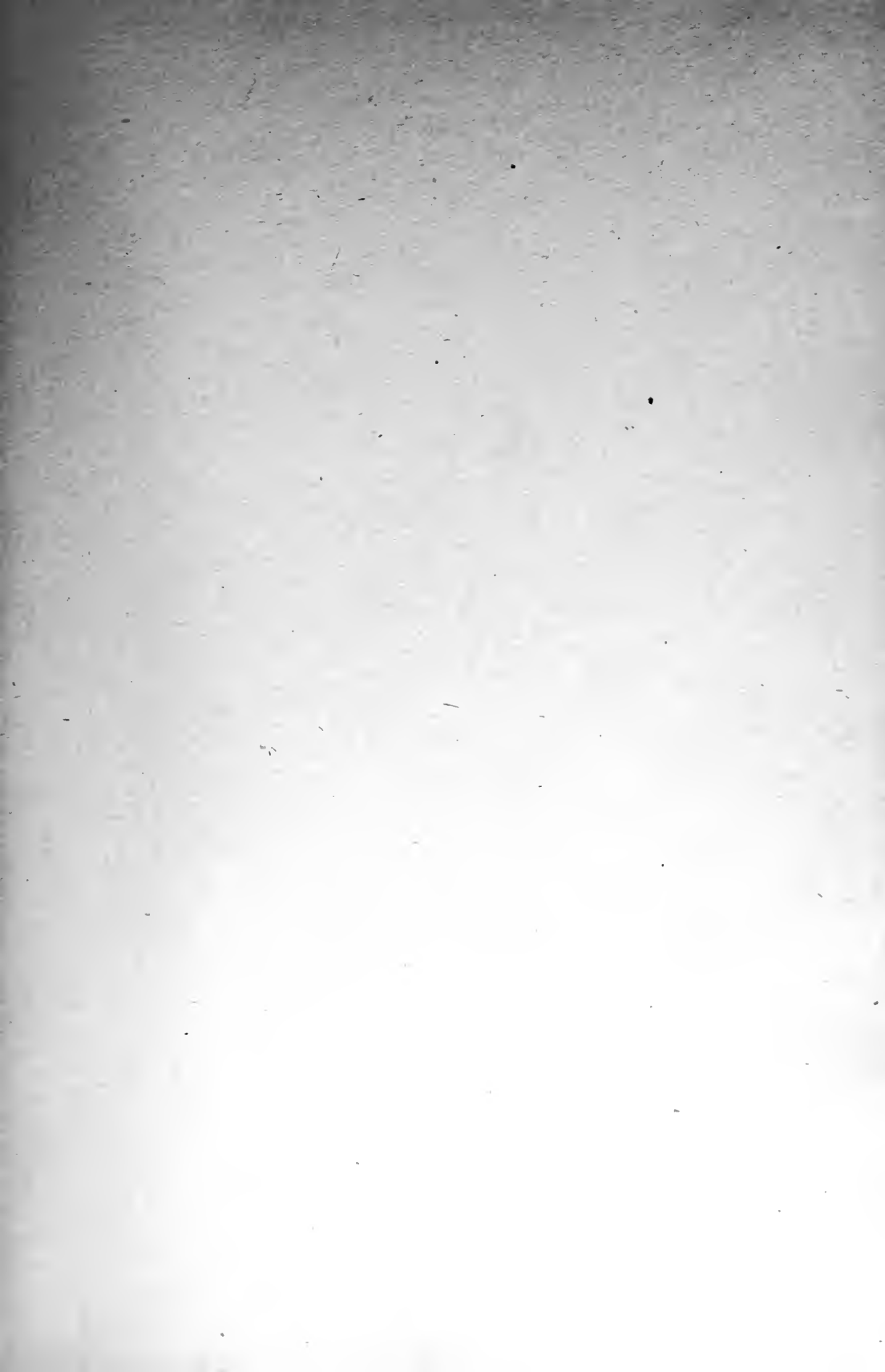
Class PS3511

Book .296P5

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



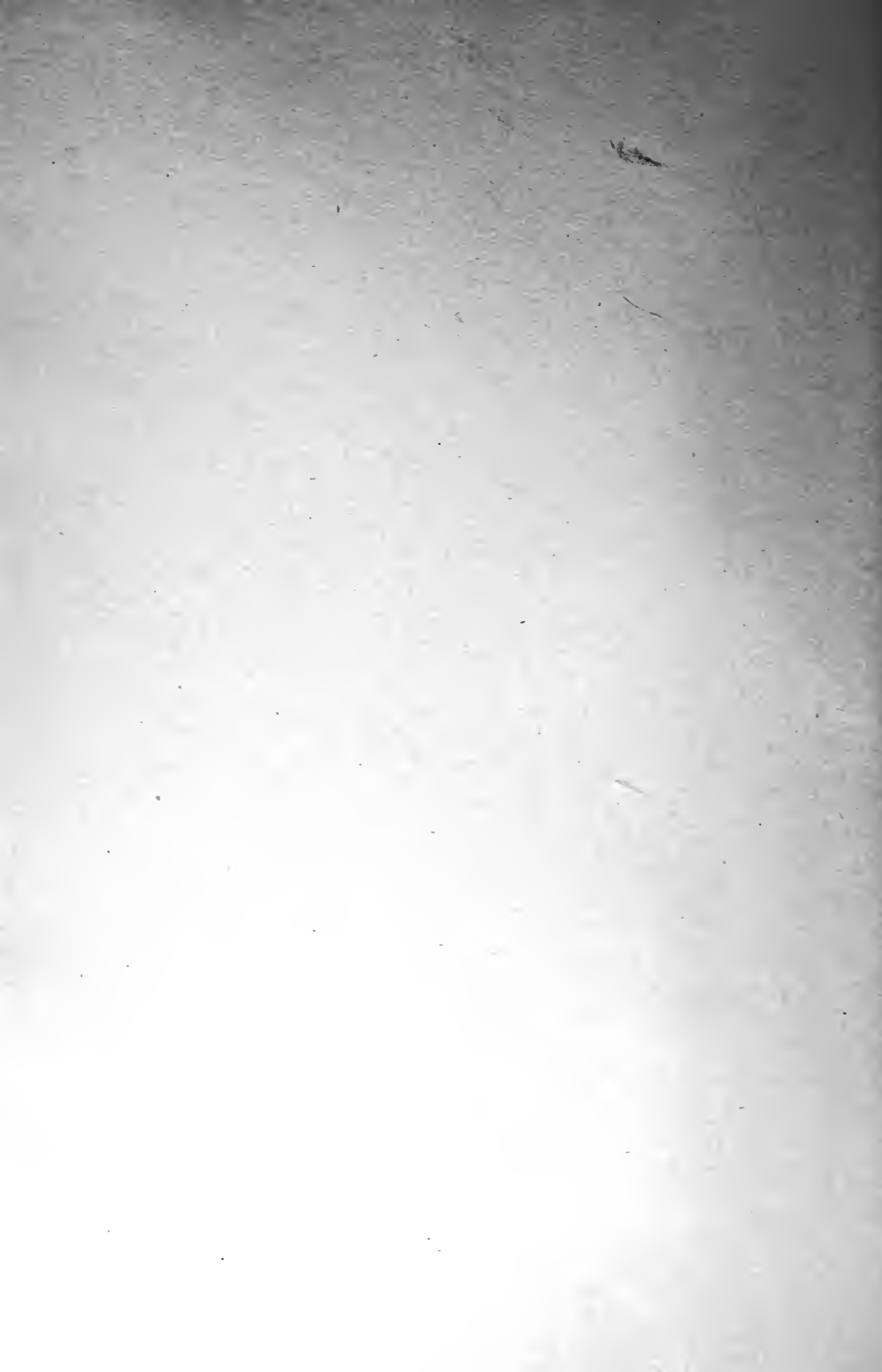


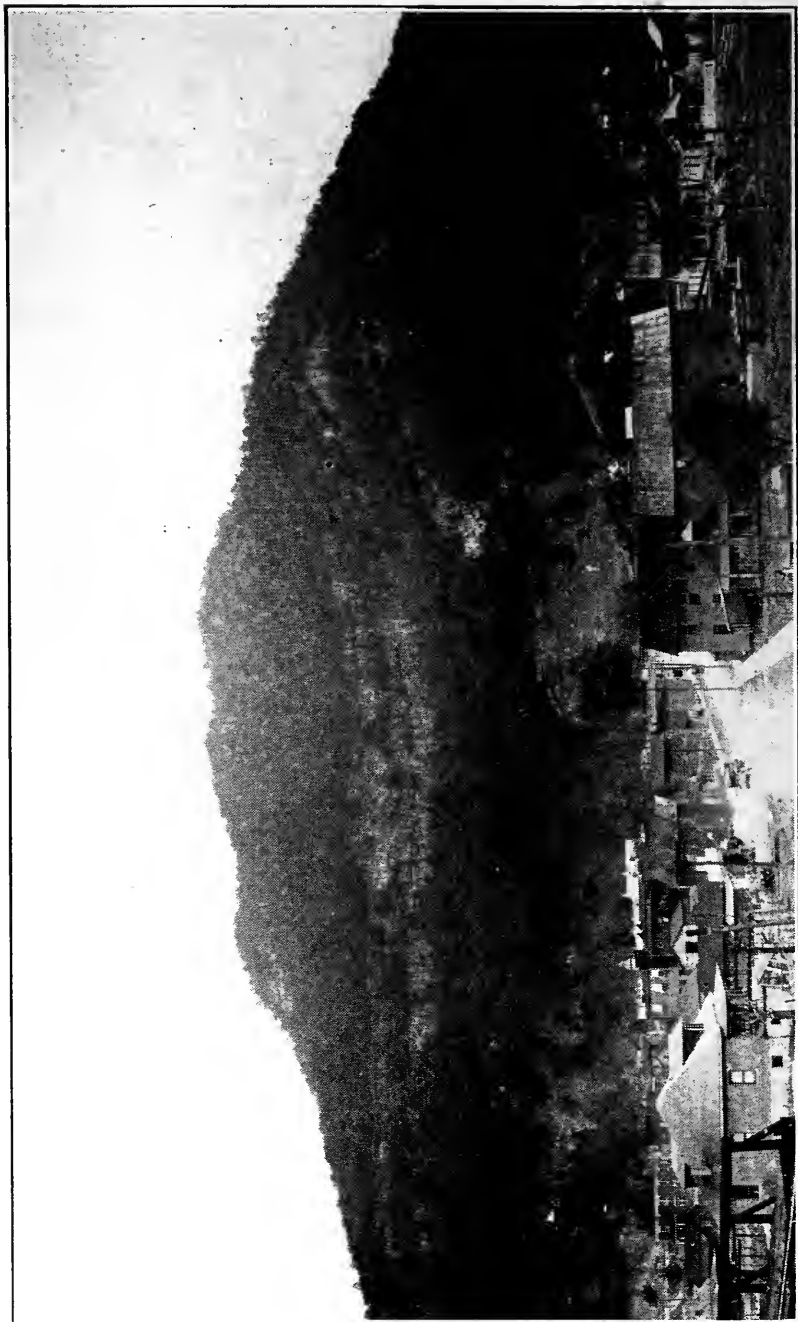


THE PINNACLE

AND

Other Kentucky Mountain Poems





PINNACLE MOUNTAIN, CUMBERLAND GAP

THE PINNACLE
AND
Other Kentucky Mountain Poems

By
HENRY HARVEY FUSON



JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY
INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

1921

PS 3511
u96 P5

COPYRIGHT, 1921
By
HENRY HARVEY FUSON
All Rights Reserved

DEC 16 1921



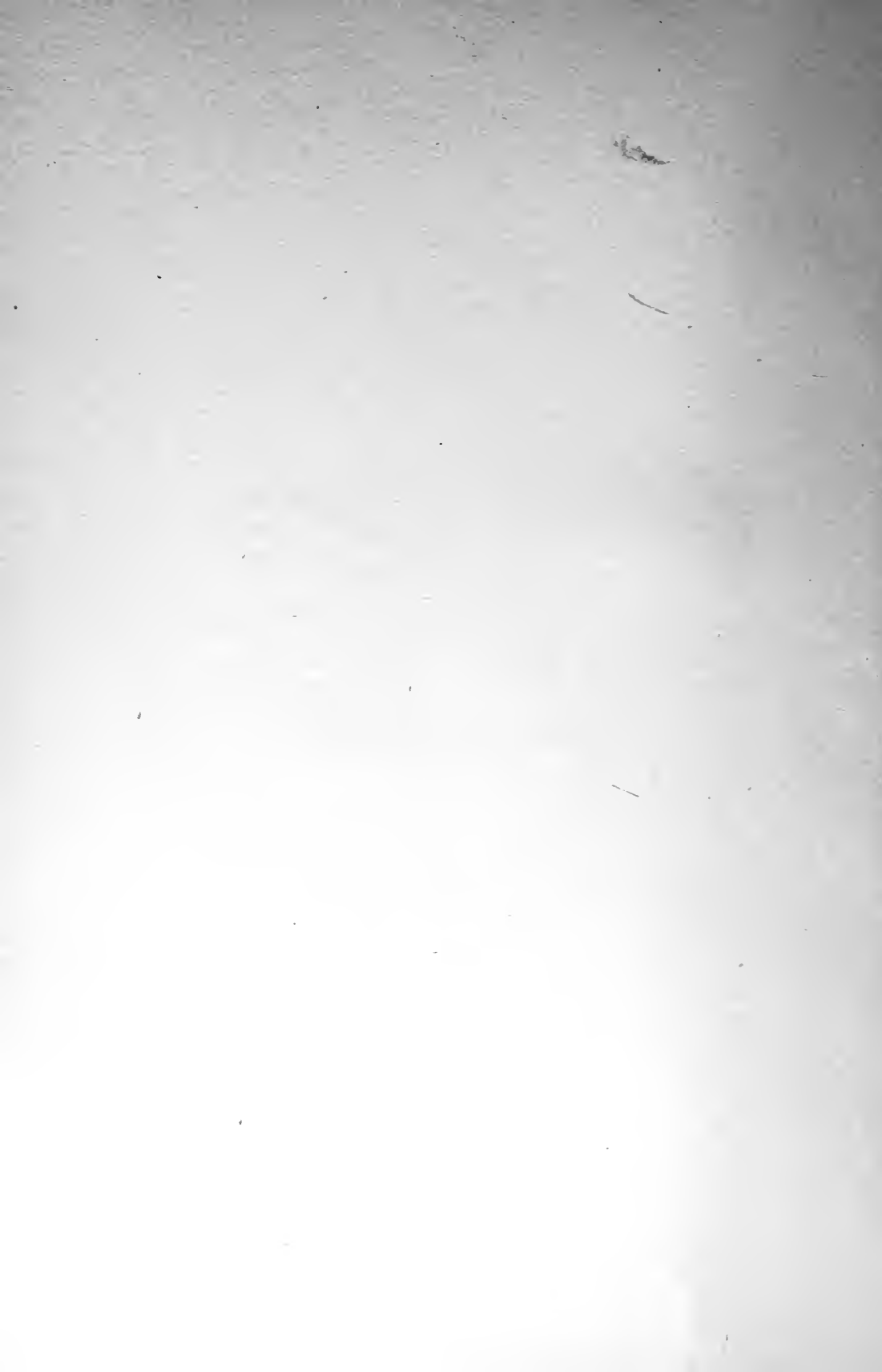
©CL A630843

ms. 11

To My Daughter

RUTH MAURINE FUSON

**Who has always taken a lively interest
in these poems.**



For permission to print in book form certain of these poems I wish to acknowledge an indebtedness to the Masonic Home Journal, the Cumberland College Monthly and the Proceedings of the Kentucky Educational Association. I wish, also, to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mrs. Sallie Lyttle Hatton who has been the inspiration for one poem, "The Burdened Soul," and who has given me that encouragement and good advice that all writers find themselves much in need of.



THE CALL OF THE HILLS

* * * * *

"The green hills whisper all the time
Across the distance life has set,
A subtle call that swings in rhyme
No rhymer ever captured yet,
A song that one may not forget.

"The green hills—aye, they have a song
That none may fashion into words;
Now faintly soft, now surging strong,
Now blended melody of birds
And eve calls of the lowing herds.

"So in my dreams I wander still
To where the little path is flung
From vale to vale and hill to hill,
The nodding, drowsing blooms among—
Where that clear call is given tongue.

* * * * *

W. D. N., *Chicago Tribune*



WHY THESE POEMS?

So woven is the essence of mountains
In fabric of my dreams,
So sparkling pure are the bubbling fountains
By quiet rippling streams,
That compensate nature's true law I must,
By writing here in time
What has become to me a sacred trust,
Extolling thoughts in rhyme.



I.
FOLK-LORE



SWIFT'S SILVER MINE

Swift's Silver Mine;—
A will-o'-the-wisp fine,
Left in a heroic age
For speculation of the sage
Of reason bereft?

Nay, my friend, not so.
For tradition says, years ago
Swift from Virginia came
To these wilds of oak and cane,
At his own behest.

He unlocked the hills fine
And brought from the mine
A million tons and more
Of the finest silver ore
To add to his wealth.

His furnace, a large kettle
Of the rarest metal,
Was used to smelt the ore,
Till he had wealth the more
To cheer his health.

By the Indians frightened,
With fears of war heighten'd,
He hid the silver under a tree
In the great kettle, oh me,
Just under the hill.

Marked he the trees around
With arrows above the ground
Pointing to the buried treasure,
Seemingly a reckless measure
For a man with a will.

Far, far away he went
Taking nothing, not a cent,
To await the time and day
When he should return, aye,
To get his riches.

Time was long; he is old,
And comes with step not bold
To search for the place
In the hills' broad space,
In turns and niches.

But the marks on the trees
Are effaced, and he sees
No trace of his treasure there.
Though he search with care
He finds no metal.

He went away and died,
And the daring Indians shied
At the coming white men more.
They ceased to chase the boar
And found no kettle.

White men flecked the valleys
With towns, with streets and alleys;
They climbed the hills high
And strove without a sigh
To found a new home.

But the story of Swift's mine
Came to them in due time,
And caused them to search
Where the birds of prey perch
For the treasure home.

And so it was surely found
Just half way down
On the bench of the mountain,
Close beside a flowing fountain
Under the tree.

The marks are very plain,
The way they point the same.
So home they quietly turn,
With fervent desire they burn
To return to the tree.

They must let no one know.
So on a dark night they go,
While the winds moan and blow
And the owls hoot low
To instill fear.

They whisper very low
And dig and dig just so
Till the weary hours of night,
When, there! What a fright!
Comes so near!

There are moaning sounds
That come in rounds
With groanings like the dying;
And flappings like the flying
Of wings unseen.

They stop and stand in fright
At sounds like these at night;
But nearer, nearer they tread
With wailings like the dead,
I ween.

The fearful noises cease,
The work's speed they increase;
They have most reached the treasure,
When the Inferno in full measure
Is turned loose.

The monster dog at the gate
Plunges and growls with hate,
And the boatman curses his oar
As he rushes the black water o'er
To slip the noose.

Friends rave in their madness,
Women weep in their sadness,
Men shriek their hate,
While Satan cries, "Too late,
Too late, too late."

Then out goes the light,
The owl hoots his delight,
The panther screams near,
While the men leap from fear
And leave all to fate.

They never returned here
Because of the awful fear.
Now ever remember true
That the Fates will keep you
From the treasure so.

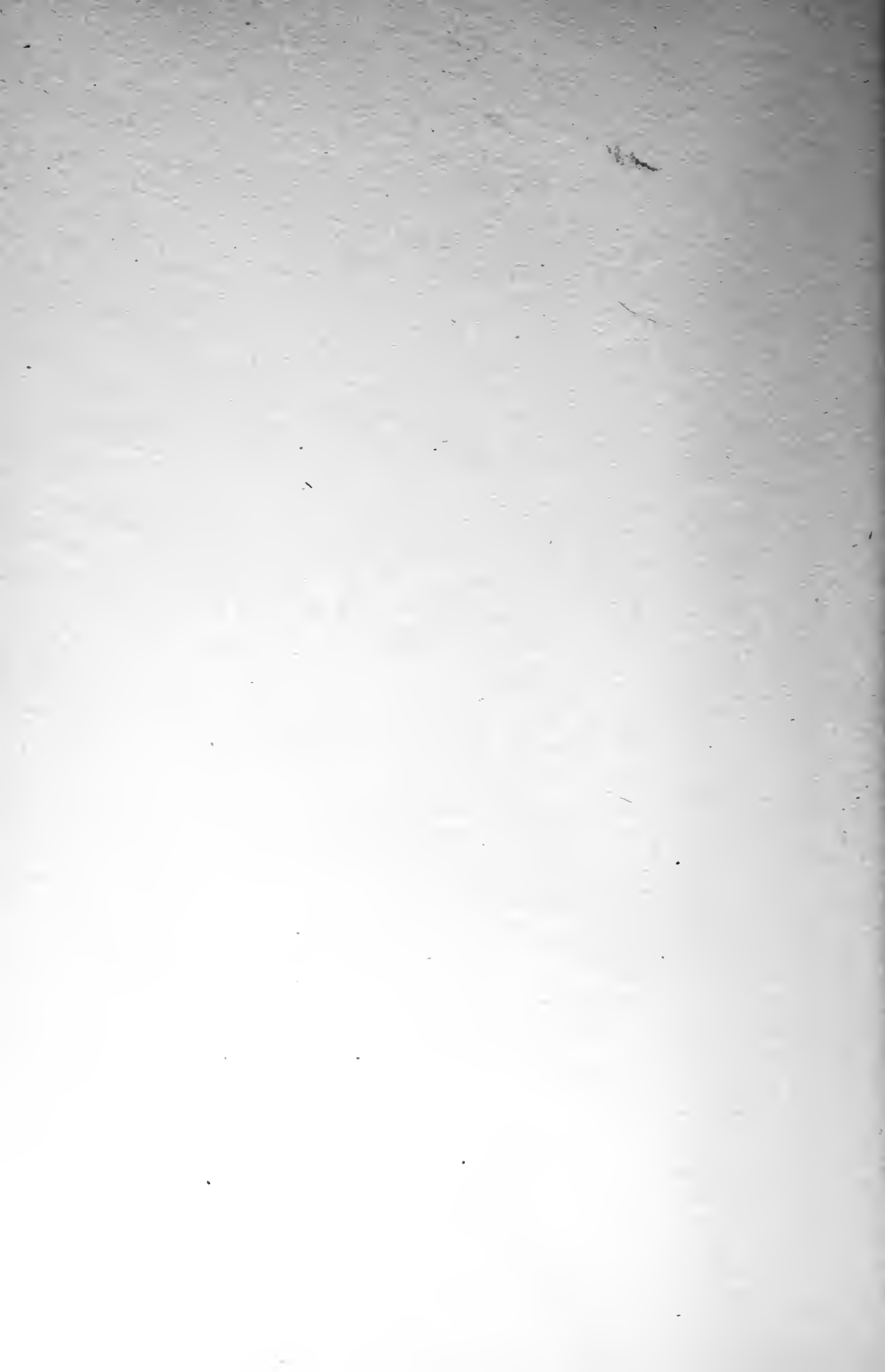
True. Yes, you may believe,
For there's a Journal to relieve
Any doubts you may retain.
Swift let this Journal remain
With Mrs. Renfro

Who lived by Cumb'land Ford
After Boone had come toward
This place from the Gap.
Not knowing this you're apt
To question the source,

Which describes without amiss
All the marks that lead to this
Treasure, and the route they took
When they came to look
For the course.

4-II-18

II.
SONGS OF EMOTION



O SOUL DIVINE

O soul divine!

Large conception of human mind.
Down the ages
Hast thou been sung by the sages
Of ev'ry land.

O soul divine!

Out of the wreckage of time
Didst thou emerge,
Hurried on by that divine urge
Of truth at hand.

O soul divine!

Released from a secret star of time,
To utmost bounds
Of earth and sky and Heaven's rounds
Dost thou fly still.

O soul divine!

Thou who dost dwell in the heart-shrine
Of man secure,
To thee, the God in man so pure,
We bow the will.

THE BURDENED SOUL

I

The heaving heart of a burdened soul
Looks out on a dreary world.
No beauty is there, no sure sign of the goal,
In the downpour of rain, in the mad whirl
Of the waters down the roaring hill,
In the monster mountain rising amid the gloom,
In the bare trees of the forest by the hill,
Or in the dark clouds over all, with no boon,
Like some dire omen ill
From out Heaven's abyss—a pall soon
That o'er the troubled earth hangs.
What to this soul are these in his sore distress?
Symbols are they only of the aching pangs,
And gloom of soul, from which they have no egress.
What to him are the Kings who feel not the pangs
Of wrongs for which they can obtain redress?
What to him the Rich who know no want
Unless it be that of soul which knows it not?
What to him the Proud who flaunt
Their gayety before the world? And for what?
What to him the Cruel who obtain their power
By means of might and blood alone?
What to him the Pretending-Meek who, in their hour,
Submit to the ruthlessness they have sown?

What to him, here now in this sad hour,
Are the deeds of men, the race of favored men,
Who have gone from power, ever to more power,
In the race for triumph without end.

II

Stands the soul naked before the Presence Unseen,
With no power to rise to any commanding position,
Held up to the scorn of men, and hated, it seem,
Because the uncontrolled circumstances of his condition

Have made it so, without sufficient means
To buy even those things that sustain healthy life,
While his just pride of soul, thru unfair means,
Trails in the dust of an uncompromising strife.

Will God forsake the soul in this destitution?

Can poverty of purse, mind and soul be overcome?

In all the Universe is there any restitution

For the downtrodden soul? Not one?

By these questions the soul is not made free,

Nor can he find in himself, or in the world about him,

The means to this end to make him free,

Or the power to throw off this weight from him.

So, in the quiet hours of the evening twilight,

When the Goddess of Night folds her robes about her,

And earth's creatures find repose for the night,

Amid the impressive silence, with not even a stir,

He seeks the great dark wood under the mountain,

And gropes his way among the trunks of the trees
To the depth of the wood beyond a dark fountain.
Here, looking all about, he falls upon his knees
And cries out to God to provide a light
To flash the way to the pure fountain of his desire,
Where he can be delivered from the terrible plight
In which he finds himself, fighting the mad fire.
Then he prayeth: "O Lord, dear God, our God!
Thou didst deliver the Children of Israel of old
Thru Mosès, their leader, with his rod,
Out of bondage, to the promised land of gold.
Now Lord, dear Lord, unburden this heart of mine
That I may of this bondage be set free, when,
In Thy name, I go forth, in due time,
To conquer the Destiny that binds me. Amen."

III

Then uprises the soul from the silent earth,
More than ever impressed by the silence and gloom
about.

The change has been wrought, of freedom, a new birth
Of calm and light within, no sage should ever flout.
Like Prometheus of the olden time,
Who suffered all the agony the great can feel,
In the name of that Will and Power to suffer betime,
He rises in his might, upon his face the victor's seal,
Against the whirling mad powers of the hour,
Defies them, and bids them do their worst.

Then flapping wings unseen beat down from the tower
 Of trees overhead; rumbling noises burst,
 Run along the earth, and ascend toward the hill;
 And a splash in the Lethean waters near
 Brings terrible dread, but nothing that bodes ill.
 The Harpies of the night beat upon his body here,
 In their fury, and cover him with their stench;
 The Dragons of the earth roar around him in the gloom,
 Causing his hair to rise and his hand to clench;
 And the Old Man of the Sea tries to bind him soon
 With a spell from which he cannot escape.
 These hideous powers strive with him in vain;
 He parries their blows, every advantage to take;
 He harries them to their woe; they are slain.
 Then all besmeared, polluted, with the blood
 Of the slain upon him, he hastens from the dark
 night of his woe
 To greet the dawn's new day uprising, with a flood
 Of crimson spray overflowing the horizon. "O—
 O glorious dawn! O great deliverance! O happy day
 That finds this soul triumphant on this morn!
 Hail, noble powers of the earth! Hail! And with
 me away
 To the famous realms of the Golden Horn.
 Hail, great powers of the air! Hail! Carry me on
 pinions
 Of flaming light to Merlin's kingdom so fair.
 Hail, sweet messengers of Heaven! Hail! May thy
 minions
 Lead the way to thy fair Elysian Fields there.

Then the trident of the deep to him is passed,
Flaming wings to sweep the air are at his command;
A reed is taken from beside the road. He blows a
 blast
That causes the reed to tremble in his hand.
To the uttermost parts of the earth the message flies,
Proclaiming to the world the glorified state—
Beneath fair, auspicious skies—
Of the burdened soul's sure postulate.

10-27-18

THE UNCONQUERABLE SOUL

"The statue of destiny casts a huge shadow over the valley, which it seems to enshroud in gloom; but this shadow has clearest outline for such as look down from the mountain. We are born, it may be, with the shadow upon us; but to many men it is granted to emerge from beneath it."—*Maeterlinck*.

O Destiny! O Destiny! Why thy hold
On the aspirations of men manifold?
Answer! Answer! Ere I more bold
Tear the leaves from thy sacred scroll!
I preach the triumph of the Unconquerable Soul!

Down! Down! To Perdition's awful state
Bound by the chains of thine own weight!
Brood over thy grievous wrongs in hate!
For thy conqueror more elate
Moves on swifter than thought or fate!

The Soul that rose when Nineveh fell,
And went crying thru the earth a spell
When her crumbling walls shook and fell,
Giving to the wicked city a death-knell
That sent an echo down the corridors of Hell,

Winged his way over the Mediaeval night,
Came forth from dark Revolution's fight,
Sang songs with Cromwell's men of might,
And appeared to the Shepherds in the light
On the Judean Hills that eventful night.

That rose on the ruins of Rome that day,
Came flying from the shores of Greece away
When that nation went down to decay;
Crossed the expanse of Time to our day,
There to abide in secure triumph alway.

The Unconquerable Soul! Versatile, the same!
Moving onward surer than Destiny's aim
To conquer Death and the Grave in His name,
And rise triumphant in the glowing flame
Superior to Destiny in most persistent claim!

7-30-18

PEACE! / SWEET PEACE!

“And herein are we shown once again that the human soul is a plant of matchless unity, whose branches, when the hour is come, all burst into blossom together.”—*Maeterlinck*.

Out of the darkness of the swift-flying night,
With wings aglow with flaming light,
Down, down the ministering Angel flies
From out the over-burdened skies,
To the stricken soul lying prostrate.

Like the gentlest breeze that blows,
Or the stillest current that flows,
Or the gentlest ray of light that shines,
Or the quietest thought expression never finds,
He delivers Heaven's sure postulate.

And to free the soul from burden ere the morn
Walks from head to foot the helpless form,
Which rises in the might of His power
To witness triumph over Destiny's hour
In the newfound freedom that knows a choice.

The silent trees take on a lovelier hue,
The impending sky shows a bluer blue,
The hills are aflame in the glowing sun,
The streams sweetly sing of the victory won,
At the vibrant thrill of this quiet voice.

Brothers! Brothers now! Are the race of men!
He would to the rescue of all come then!
That his fellows, even the humblest, might share
The joy his heart has now found there—
A joy recorded only in the Sacred Book of old.

Heaven then floods the soul to the fill
With a joy unspeakable to the will;
The Heavenly Choir burst forth in glad song
At the triumph of a soul freed from wrong,
And a Voice speaks peace! Sweet peace! To the soul.

7-22-18

THE DEAD KNIGHT

Wrapt is the broad crest of the mountain round
With the snows of primeval winter there;
Hushed are the little voices of the ground,
Stillness stands frozen in the icy air.

Sitting by the dark trunk of a giant tree,
With no thought of the world's onward sweep,
O'er thee a snowy forest of boughs, I see
Thee in resigned beauty dressed—asleep.

Folded are thy hands o'er a furry robe,
With drawn knees against a silent breast;
With bowed head like in silent thought to probe
The mysteries that lie in a state of rest.

The gun at thy side, the great forest bound
By the snows of primeval winter fair,
And the days of search before thou wert found
Tell of the age in which thou lived to dare.

Truly thou wert of that far-seeing band
Of heroic men who with Boone onward came
To build in a fair and promising land
A state that should have enduring fame.

Great art thou in death, most noble Knight,
For thou wert one of the builders rare
Of Freedom's cause, which sprang from the dark
night
Of its woe, to shed light on the race fair.

Fitting is thy death, too, O great Knight,
For thou didst depart to the Great Beyond
Amid the lone forest thou didst with thy might
Help to conquer, for the cause to you so fond.

No stone now marks thy final resting place,
Silent trees stand sentinel above thee;
But an army of descendants with bold pace
Are pressing forward to honor thee.

Rest, O great Knight, in our faith secure,
That we of this time may battle again
For the cause that, for men, will endure,
The cause that keeps forever free all men.

9-25-19

SPIRIT OR MAN-GOD

"Spirit," says I.
"God," says he.
Then I ask, "Why
Not spirit for thee?"
Now slowly he replies,
"Since the creation of men
God ever applies
To the name of Deity—Amen!"
"But, is not God a spirit,
And they that worship Him
Must do so with true merit
Of truth without a whim?"
He replies, "Is not God God,
For we hear the Word say
That Aaron took up his rod
And called to God as he pray."

"God is what to you then?"
"God is the Super-Man King
Who sits on the thrones of Angels and men
And holds sway over all that sing.
His subjects bow the knee,
And sing and pray alway;
Cry hozannah with me
To the Lord of Hosts today."

"But does this not make
God a Super-Being like Jove
Of the Greeks, or the fake
Jupiter of the Romans, who strove
To fasten on mankind gods
Many of every kind?"

"But," replies he, "Christ plods
Over the earth, healing the blind,
In Man-Form, does he not?"

"True, but does this prove
God to be a Super-Man? What?
Because the spirit was made flesh,
Does it hold true
That God is only Super-Man?
What say you?

Answer if you can.
Is not God rather a spirit
With no form or face?
Hasn't He the true merit
Of occupying all space?
Is He not in your heart and mind
The same as on a Throne above?
Is He not all present in time
And omniscient in all love?"

Spirit divine, in power shine
Thruout space, time and Eternity.
Wield thy power sublime
For the welding of men into one fraternity.
Over all thou art,

And over all thou ever wilt be,
With power to touch the heart
Of him who but seeks thee.
Soul, call to Him who art nigh
To every creature of the wide earth;
Call not Him from on high
When thou seekest the New Birth.

10-13-18

THE WONDERFUL TREE

Stands the big tree, with his branches spreading wide,
Just where the road rises to the crest of the hill.
Commands he here a view of the whole countryside:
Of rounded peaks that rise toward the sky with a will,
Of broad valleys that spread far away in the distance,
With their streams meandering amid stretches of
 green,
Of towns that have been founded with no show of
 resistance,
And of the glowing sun to awake in him the mighty
 dream.

When darkness descends on the earth from out the
 Unseen,
Quietly gathering his hosts along the streams in the
 valleys,
He marshals them for sallies to the higher regions
 between.
Then the gentle summer breezes move to quivering
 the leaves,
The overarching sky is filled with myriad stars in
 position,
The big moon peers from behind the long fringe of
 trees,
On the mountain's crest, and the universe, in transi-
 tion,
Lies in happy contentment about this tree in the
 breeze.

But, behold what a transformation worketh this
dream!

The slain Ymir rises God-like on the glowing scene!
Higher, higher, and yet higher, rises the mighty tree!
The branches lift and spread over the space between
Earth and sky, till, Ygdrasil-like, they shoulder out
the sky,
Free from Time, the avenger, and the swift-moving
tide!

To the heart of the earth descend the roots nearby
To the end that this soul of the universe may abide.

Be the shelter and inspiration for the thoughts of all
men:

Assemble the Artisans of trade from the domain of
the Powers

That they may mingle with the Prophets of the New
Birth then;

Let the poets, with their clarified vision, multiply the
hours

They spend here; bring the Teachers of mankind, in
their turn,

That they may drink of the cup of wisdom that ever
flowers,

In love, for the admiration of the race; let them learn,
One and all, that Destiny gives way to larger plans of
ours.

10-19-18

TO SUE

The dearest friend on this earth
That to me was ever given,
Has taken her flight from earth
And has gone up to Heaven;
There to remain with the Son of Man
As long as the ages last,
And longer still after we have heard
Gabriel's trumpet blast.

If I could only see her again,
It would be my delight
To tell her that I loved her
In our struggle for the right;
But that privilege, tho much desired,
Can never come to mortal man,
So my only hope is to meet her
In that heavenly land.

"If I never see you again, dear,
Meet me in the world beyond,"
Where there is no sorrow to trouble us,
No weeping around the throne;

Where there is no darkness to cloud the vision,
No light but the Son;
Where ages upon top of ages have passed
And many victories won.

"Yes, I'll meet you there,"
Is my pledge, strong and true;
For there we shall never part,
Nor say goodbye, gentle Sue;
There we shall worship together forever
With the redeemed of God,
And never be compelled to travel
The road we once trod.

OUT OF THE DARK VALLEY

Dark is the valley I travel thru,
No light to be seen anywhere 't is true.
Strange, dark objects pass to and fro;
Wandering around I know not where I go.
Over dry bones that rattle I stumble
And hear hideous low noises that rumble.
An icy shiver shakes my frame
And springs into my being a terror without a name.
Then suddenly from an unseen hand
A robe is thrown about my shoulders, and,

In the glow of warmth that from the robe comes,
A vision appears out of the darkness glum:
Smiling faces of many children, plain to view,
With chubby hands that beckon to you,
Surrounded by a halo of hazy light.
Leaving behind the chill, the gloom, noises affright,

I follow the vision up the slope of the hill,
Where, halfway up, I come to an arched doorway and
a sill
That opens into the interior of the hill. The door
opens wide
And I am admitted to a great hall inside.
"What can I do for you, my friend?
Our services are at your command without end,"
Says the doorkeeper to me. "I hardly know;
It is all so strange," said I, aglow
With the warmth that met me there.

Then slowly I walk thru a hall wide and fair,
Into which other halls lead,
Lined with many rooms that plead
With the weary to rest themselves awhile.
While I thus walk, a servant meets me with a smile,
And asks, "Would you rest in the room across the
way?"
I follow her lead and hear her say:
"Lie quiet; sleep and rest are the best;
You need to grow strong for life's further test."

Amid all the perfume of sweet-smelling flowers
That beguile the slow-moving hours
I rest and sleep time and time again
I know not how many days, how many weeks, then,
On a certain day, they bring me to a stair,
Just in the center of the hill there;

And up the stairway I climb into the upper air.
I behold a morn on that hilltop so fair
That Paradise seems to be loosed on earth again,
Returning its pristine glory to men.
A bird carols the sweetest song I ever heard,
The sheep graze on the slope of the hill—a herd,
The dew sparkles in the rising sun,
And the world overflows with goodnesses that run
Like sweet rivers of living water then
Thru the glad forests and fresh meadows of men
To the broad expanse of the immaculate sea.
On this morn and in this mood I am free,
Feeling again the strong pulse of the tide of life
Singing thru my veins, making them rife
With the good old feeling of renewed life again,
Ready to do an humble part in the race without end.

2-21-21

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOB

I

I see a world of swamp by a world of sea,
And an island far out in the swamp by the sea
Like a dark speck against the sky back of it;
Then mists and gloom that obscure the whole of it,
As if swamp and sea have been rolled up
And lost in the dark vapors rising up
From foul swamp and wastes of that terrible sea.
A low rumble thru the mists comes to me
Out of this strange sea of darkness and gloom—
A portentous rumble like the stroke of doom
To the creatures of earth in peaceful state—
One that augurs for humanity a very sad fate.

II

Again at the first flush of the dawn of a new day,
I come to this wide swamp in hunter's best array
With my comrades in all most surely three.
The disk of the sun is just rising out of the sea
On the other side of the world opposite me
And these comrades who number only three;
The mists hang over the swamp and obscure the sun,
And our boat down the hollow of a stream does slowly
run.

Thru the wide reaches of the swamp we make our way,
Till, long after, not very far out of our way,
We see the outlines of this island by the sea.
My comrades, wishing to explore the isle, say to me,
"Draw near this isle that we may see the more
What we have surely never seen before."
Thru the mist it looms so very large
That it seems a continent floating as a barge;
But on drawing nearer that we may explore
We see a sight that causes us to wonder the more.
There on the shore of this isle lies, on leafy bed,
With the mist-laden treetops overhead,
A giant, more terrible than the fabled monsters of old,
The sight of which makes our blood run cold.
While we lie in our boat behind the reeds,
He stands up, shakes himself, looks over the reeds.
We hold our breath and think not of a gun
(Had we a chance we should most assuredly run).
There he stands as tall as four men, or small tree,
With huge body, bulky in the extreme, dreadful to see;
Long hair covers his body from foot to head
And hangs about his shoulders down from the head;
Great teeth, the length of the hand of man, has he,
With eyes most terrible as they appear to me.
He stands erect on his feet like that of any man
And has long claws on his feet and on each hand.
Slowly he turns and lumbers thru the forest dark
While we hurry away in our small bark.

III

On our return, when we tell what we have seen,
People look at us as if they do not know what we
mean;

And the oldest men know naught of our report
Save what they have heard by former report,
That a fearful monster, Bulbo by name,
Long ago dwelt in this swamp—the same
Of which we speak—but they feel sure no man
So far as they now know, or have heard, can
Give any account of ever having seen him.
They are much surprised at this account of him,
But remember that a tale has been told
That he once stirred the savage spirits of men bold,
Causing them to unite and destroy their fellowmen—
A story almost forgot but now remembered again.
They know not if this be Bulbo they describe,
But, from what they tell, he must be of that tribe.
They fear that the legend of old may prove true
And that some dire calamity may come as their due.

* * * * *

Then mists begin to drift in toward the land
From out the foul swamp and dreadful strand,
And to spread themselves over the land far and wide
Like a swift moving wind or fast flowing tide.
These foul-laden mists fill all the air
And stir to rage many people everywhere.

These men forget all the work of the hour
And turn their mad energies into evil power;
And forget all lawful principles of the race
In their determination to wipe out the disgrace.
Now rumors begin to rise and run wild,
That a fiend has stricken down a helpless child;
The men gather in groups here and there, talking low
Amid the mists that obscure them and cause the woe;
And from group to group the word fast flies,
Like the swiftest, softest wing that flies,
That Bulbo, the true Spirit of the Mob,
Is abroad, with vengeance in his eyes—no sob,
And that he seeks by lawless means the blood
Of Human Beings, and will overwhelm by a flood
Of savage rage the upholders of the law.
Group moves together with group with hardly a flaw
In the plan of this Savage Spirit, and, without justice,
Under the very shadow of the Temple of Justice,
Erected by the strongest impulse of man,
They assemble their mad hosts for a stand.

IV

Before the Temple the upholders of the law stand,
Clothed with the mantle of authority from freeman's
hand,
And armed with trusty instruments more bold
Which are to secure freemen in their stronghold.
For out in front the Mob sways to and fro,
With quiet savage determination all the show,

Like the angry waves of the turbulent sea;
And against the Temple bars laps wave on wave,
With a low murmur like distant sound in a cave.
Suddenly from out this mass of maddened men
There rises the fearful figure of Bulbo again,
Towering far above the tallest of his men;
And with a rush he leads forward his men
Against the Temple held firm by the law's hand,
Where men to do and die have taken their stand.
Up the Temple steps in solid mass they rush,
With a look of sure triumph in the first flush;
But a command, a flash, flash, from the guns,
And Bulbo, with his maddened men, turns,
And disappears, as he had come, amid the gloom,
Leaving the dead and wounded in the gloom.

V

The hand of Justice has been upheld on this day;
The evil Spirit of the Mob has fled away
To his foul swamp and fearful sea—
To his home on the misty island by the sea;
And men once more go home to see
That they have still upheld their right to be free.

4-23-21

III.
DESCRIPTIVE



THE VALLEY OF THE BRAE

I know the valley of the Brae
With its winding stream, the Vree;
I know the hills near and far away,
The hills that rise up to speak to me.
Over these hills I go
In the bright May morn,
Keeping time to their spirit so,
And to the music of the distant horn.
I hunt the game on upland near
And fish in the stream's clear pools;
I seek the forests shady groves to hear
The gladsome song that ever rules
The spirit of this forest-world, so free.
What melody, what joy, what love!
What freedom, what beauty to see!
O God! Come from the forest-roof above,
From below and all around in hollow dell,
From rugged cliff and deep ravine,
From darkest caves and trees that fell,
From clear, cool waters that flow between
Silent hills to the far-off sea!

Humbre, a flat mountain, extends
Along the southern side of this valley,
Famed for a century, with now no amends,
For its forest, the hunters' rally.

Here on the lower end a peak uprises
From the plain of the mountain's crest,
And below a narrow farm, with surprises,
Lies in the lap of the hill at rest.
Here the sun, like a ball of blood,
Drops behind the distant mountain
Into a mysterious sea-flood.
And springs again from a golden fountain,
More glorious than the Aurora of art,
And swings among the worlds anew
With power to touch their heart.
I see the path wind by the Skew,
Around this peak and down the slope.
And on and on it goes without end
Just like that strange thing, hope,
That flares up to stay in the hearts of men.
It winds below to the orchard in the cove
Where my friend, the ditch-digger, lives.
He will welcome you as did Jove,
For out of his goodness himself he gives.
His sign is marked in his lower lip,
And it is the opinion of the children near
That a man cannot as a ditch-digger sip
The joy of labor without this mark here.
And on to the fork of the road there
Where the farmer-merchant gives
His advice to the youth aspiring fair,
And bids him God-speed while he lives.
Hail to this man of daring truth!
Long may he live ere the Great Day!

As the guider of the feet of youth
He then is sure to receive just pay!
On to the watermill by the road
Where the road makes a sweeping turn
To follow the rushing rill's abode,
And the waters that from pool to pool churn.
Here the dusty miller takes his toll
And grinds and grinds the livelong day;
While the youths vault on the pole
And forget their homes far away.
Up the narrow stream for a half-mile
And we come to a cabin under the hills,
Where a daring youth waits awhile
For a quick dash along the rills.
No prodigy he, nor Hercules or saint,
But only a youth with sublime faith—
One who does not faint
Under dire poverty's throny wraith.
He toils by day, and toils by night,
And prays for just one fair chance
To succeed in the unequal fight
(Which he will have, perchance).
Such an ambition, I am told, had he
To rise to the upward height
That he never thought sacrificed he could be
In the upward lift to the light.
But such is the story I hear true,
That he married a woman spy
Who would have, doubtless, wrecked you
But only made him reason why.

He passed her by
And married another, who became
The companion he sought with a sigh
To help him earn that fair name.
With the patience of our Job,
And a faith that knows not why,
He has now donned the robe
To lead men to their Home on high.
It is not the height that men reach
Which brings all the true fame,
But the distance traveled, I preach,
That should bear the name.

Follow the other direction of the path,
From the peak up at a slow gait,
And wonder at the beauty that hath
Come to the forest in this lovely state.
Stands the oak, a tower of strength,
And the poplar, a model of perfection;
And the hickory with no equal for length,
And the chestnut loved in this section.
On the side of the mountain's a cove
Where rarest flowers of the glen
Have made place for the abode of Jove,
And never touched by the feet of men?
Yes, for here a half-century ago,
When the wild deer ran at will,
A hunter watched the antler go
And thought of his gun for the kill.
After the deer had leaped beyond his range,

He remember'd on his shoulder was the gun;
And this he thought very strange
That thus he had missed the fun.
But truer than heart of hunter be
Was love of the trim form of the deer;
And, in his heart, was glad, you see,
That he had passed up the kill so near.
We eat our lunch by the spring
In the shade of the forest roof;
It is enough to make the heart of a king
Sigh, and offer himself as proof.
You who are bound to the city ways,
With no thought but to give and spend,
Could learn here the glad forest ways
And for an unnatural life make amend.
To the Burnt Cabin we come
Where a flowing fountain sends a stream
Down the mountain, singing for some
A lullaby sweeter than those in a dream.
The cabin has gone and Nature has made amend
By covering traces of clearing or pen.
Such the contest between Nature and men
That when one begins the other end.
Rocked the cradle of civilization for a day,
And paused here in its ceaseless march;
While the procession came up from far away,
Then passed on under the triumphal arch.
Below to the north Indians are buried,
Showing how the civilization of the past
May project itself into the hurried

March of the coming host at last.
Dare not touch these for treasure!
Because of the peoples' feeling near,
For it would be considered a reckless measure
And one bordering on to Godly fear.
The greatness of civilization is shown,
Not by successful war on any race of men,
But by those gallant men, full grown,
Who honor the past for what it brings to them.
On the upper end is Rocky Face
Where the mountain suddenly makes turn
And leaves in the sun a broad space
Of sheer cliff, and broken in turn.
Above is a long line of green trees,
And below and all around the same,
Dotted with red and gold, in the breeze,
On the border of this painting rare in name.
Grand is the view from the road
Along the stream in the valley below;
And many a traveler, bearing his load,
Has witnessed the wonder of the scene aglow.
Here the hunter chased the bear to his lair
And waited for his return to the sun;
The deer was seen to bound in the air
And disappear under sight of the gun.
Many tales of adventure have been spun
Around these cliffs, like the Arabian Knights,
Or those of Boone and his gun,
In his most desperate efforts in his fights.
Witnessed they the onward rush of peoples,

Who rarely paused in their haste;
But one was left to build church steeples
While others should clear and lay waste.
Brother of the ditch-digger, you know,
And like him pleasant to meet,
But one of those simple-hearted souls, so,
Who slide away from the contest-seat.
Swayed by the play of forces on his feeling,
Like the leaves of the tree in the wind,
And got comfort from his prayer kneeling
When spirit sweeps soul beyond the mind.
He will preach to you of God,
And will glow in the spirit of the mood;
And will turn to finding water with a rod,
Or to sign to drive witches away rude.
In his most serious mood you ever hear
A strange goblin-laugh unwind,
For he cannot but be serious, I fear,
And ludicrous at the same time.

Cummel, to the North, is narrow and long,
With sharp ridges broken by many gaps.
A throng of rounded peaks stand out strong
Against their clear background of these gaps.
Many paths wind around and pass
Thru these gaps to places beyond,
Where the tide of the world surges past
In that endless march that goes on and on.
Color is added to the forest green
By tall pines on some of the spurs,

And many blooming rhododendrons are seen
Around the cliffs by the Burrs.
Different from Humbre by far, they say,
Are the winding paths here seen;
For on Humbre along the top one takes its way
While here many paths cross between
Peaks, to wander down the other side
To make union with the road
Up and down the stream far and wide.
Here many join in carrying their load.
At the lower end, where stream joins stream,
Severing the mountain free from Big Bone,
Nature calls to her men, it seem,
To assemble at the new "Healing Home,"
Where the purest waters of the valley
Come forth for the healing of men;
And Nature aids in the sure rally
To newness of life and health again.
The Springs! What memories they bring!
Of sweet whisp' rings of love beneath
The spreading beeches by the Spring!
What glad legacies they bequeath
To the heart of youth seeking far
The secret of happiness ever rife
Under that pure guiding star,
At once the hope and joy of this life.
The Springs! What memories they bring!
Here men forget their care
And gradually lose sight of the thing
That has become to them a nightmare.

Bring forth your healing balm,
Springs of the mighty waters fair!
And cast your spell upon earth to calm
The feverish spirits of men everywhere!
No lordlier castle was ever built
In the realms of rule or sway
Than stood by these Springs, built
To drive the pangs of men away.
Great castles are often tombs
Of death to the highest ideals of men,
And hide in death the babes in wombs
Of mothers yearning to be free again.

Near is the school house under the hill
Where nature makes a fair display
Of beauty in stream, valley and hill.
Here mountains rise up far away
To beckon the youth's mind away
From the narrow spaces between the hills,
And cause him to look to far Cathay
For visions the imagination fills.
He secretly climbs one day this mount,
At early dawn of that good day,
And looks away to a pure fount
From which flows a lovely stream away.
This stream winds in broad curve
Thru the grassy meads of this world.
Upon its banks are the silvery trees where
Golden apples drop down and whirl
In the shining, quiet current of the stream.

Men move at will here
And gather the fruit by the stream
Where nature is at her best all the year.
He descends and goes back to school;
But all day long, while trying his books,
He fans his brow to keep it cool.
He wonders again how the scene looks.
His mind will not stay however hard
He tries to confine it to his books;
He ponders: Is this the land where the bard
Gleans in the fields for his books?
His imagination carries him away
To this world he has seen beyond the mountain
Where superb beings toil and spin not by day,
But spend the time looking into the fountain.
Where the marts of trade move
With only the will behind them,
And where God can prove
That man, superb man, is His friend.
Where the earth is so very wide
And mystery broods upon the serene deep,
And men can travel with the tide
And to far away countries sweep.
A youth jostles him in passing by
And he is brought back from his dream.
But who says he will be the same? And why?
After awakening from this wonderful dream?
Not I. For Heaven has so ordained
That men, in their striving, must gain
A wider outlook on life, restrained

Not by the fearful storm or pain.
The house sits between stream and hill
And looks out on a playground wide,
Where tall sycamores stand at will
To protect the happy children, aside
From the beauty they add to the scene.
Great beeches stand by the edge
Toward the stream, and give way to a scene
Of rhododendron, laurel and hedge.
Above, on the lower end of the ground,
Stands the large oak flaring wide,
Easily master over all around,
Not even excepting time and tide.
I move my hand over the rough bark;
A whisper from this great tree
Comes to me saying, "Trust this ark
Of safety in all the storms that be."
Above the house, to the rear,
Rises a cliff sheer from the water's edge,
Crowned by towering pines that fear
Not the waters rushing along the ledge.
Rhododendron and laurel are here, too,
To add their crown of beauty
To a scene no artist ever knew,
Or had opportunity to paint as a duty.
Flow on, beautiful stream!
Rise higher, ye noble mountains!
And fulfill thy brightest dream
In its ever-swelling fountains!
Stand firm, ye school house yonder,

A symbol of the world advancing!
Send your light upon men to wonder
At Pegasus in the air prancing!
Be to me the light that burst on Rome
When civilization sought expansion!
Be the herald of that new home
That finds for the soul its mansion!
Train the generations, each time anew;
Send them forth in power to dare and do
What men have dreamed is due
The race that lifts up not to subdue!

Zigzagging our way along the crest,
With only a path here and there,
Climbing around peaks abreast
And down thru gaps everywhere,
We come finally to the Gap Field,
Half way our mountain distance.
Here the Gap widens each way to yield
Space for the farm without resistance
From the hills that cluster around.
In the lap of the hills here
Man has dug a subsistence from the ground
To sustain him year after year
For more generations than I know.
Benjamin Wise, an old man when I
Knew him, lived here years ago.
A peculiar man was he, I know not why;
For, when he met you with load on back,
He always kept it there so,

And, no matter how long he talked, the pack
Ever remained there, I know.
He would walk all around you,
Tramping down every inch of the ground,
And with his long beard too,
And eyes that danced around,
He is at once stamped different
From the other men you know.
The children could not be indifferent
To the man who gave them this show.
They were afraid of his every move
And thought him in league with Satan;
For this they could always prove
Because, when he looks back, they hate him.
But simple-hearted and kind was he,
Wishing no one any harm;
He would halt you at his gate, see,
And welcome you by giving you his arm.
This Gap was the traveled highway
More than all the others by far
For passengers from the Brae
To settlements beyond the Spar.
From the valley of the Brae
The path winds its way up the gorge,
Closed in by towering peaks away
And darkened by thick rhododendron large,
Then drops down the other side
To the lap of the hill below, where
Tall pines bring the creepy feeling wide,
And you leap from the pheasant's whirl.

One dark night a lone traveler
Passes this way toward the Brae Valley;
The night is heavy with darkness, Sir,
And like evil spirits that quietly rally
To their secret haunts in search
Of prey for their fiendish thirst,
About the silent, dark pines perch.
Overcoming the flush of fear, the worst,
Creeping thru this gloom he spies
A light from a window ahead,
And straight for the dwelling he hies,
But wishes for the comfort of a bed.
A tap at the door brings out
The willing occupant, who plans
A light that no one should ever flout.
Boards, dry and long, like fans,
Are split in pieces and brought together;
Then a light that flares up at one end
Shows you the way without bother.
He thanks him and welcomes him as a friend.
Have you ever witnessed the comfort
That comes to you on a dark night,
When tired and lonely, without comfort,
You suddenly look ahead to see a light?
So forth stands civilization's light,
In the world's broad spaces dark,
When gloom and disappointment gather might—
Just think of the cheer of one lone spark!
The fields, once green, are now bare
Of those things that sustain men;

Shrubbery and briers grow up everywhere
And struggle to fill up the Gap again.
So the generations always pass,
Each succeeding the one before,
Till the impoverished land gives up at last
And their descendants move on as before.

We come next to Thesalay Peak wide,
A large, round mountain, higher than the rest,
Where broad, level spaces project from its side
With farms that produce at their best.
Plain to the view of all in the valley
Are the many glowing scenes that appear;
Of mists that fall over the Brae in a sally
After sweeping around this peak here;
Of storms that rage in their fury near,
Swinging along the sides of the valley clear,
Bringing terror to the people's hearts, I hear,
Who shudder at the awful fate, so severe;
Of the cold winds that sweep it on winter days,
Leaving the mists frozen dew to fill the trees
And sparkle like diamonds in the sun's rays
After the night has been passed in the breeze;
Of a scene, on a summer's day, at sunrise,
Of the mountain glowing like the King
Of the Christian world, when before the eyes
Of the Prophets he became transfigured, a thing
Transcending all to the onlookers by—
A scene the painter wishes he could try
To inspire him to greater endeavor,

Swinging free his brush without a sigh
For the painting no artist had painted ever.

This valley stretches along the Brae
Like a trough hollowed out of the hills,
Wider to the East, and extending away
To a rounded point in the Western hills.
But from the wider part, East, then
Along the stream it narrows to a thread
For some miles, then widens again
To be lost in the stream's rugged bed.
Many small farms checker the ground
In this pleasant valley now,
Where the thriving Tway Settlement is found,
Composed of the descendants, of sturdy brow,
Of men who aided Boone when
He cast aside precedent and ease
To open the Western Country then
To a conquering host not easy to please.
They poured thru Cumberland's Pass,
Laid hands upon the mountain stronghold,
Left men to take possession of the mass,
And passed on with a front more bold
Till they had overrun the Blue Grass.
They pressed on to conquer and to bless
Until they had encompassed the mass
Of the broad lands of the West.
No nobler undertaking ever came to man
Than came to Boone and his followers!
They extended mankind's plan

To a wider domain among the Powers!
When time enough elapses
And history has been given her due,
The record of those great collapses
Will give place to records anew.
Then Boone's achievement will stand
On the pages of history as actor,
And mankind will read in grand
Pageant the record of the benefactor
To whom all mankind is debtor.
Long may his memory live in her annals!
Long may his deeds become the better
To shine in dark places like candles!
Most of this valley was owned at one time
By two of the family, Jonathan and Thomas
Tway,
The fathers and grandfathers betime
Of all the inhabitants here today.
Now they are buried plain to view
In an unassuming little graveyard, a rod
From each other, or two,
To sleep their sleep on the breast of God.
Far-seeing men were they;
For they sought out the heart of this region
Far and near, and bought it for a song, they say;
Now the company has grown to legion
And promises to outnumber the valleys of Cathay,
For here nothing is known of race-suicide
And the many other evils that check the way
Of men borne to life's higher tide.

They bring forth in great numbers,
Quoting the Bible as their guide;
"Multiply and replenish the earth" with numbers
And remember the day the faithful abide.
Hail to civilization's preservers!
Hail to these brothers of men!
This swelling tide will become the reserves
Of all generations from now, amen!
Scotch-Irish and English blood
Flow thru the veins of these men,
Who will form part of the flood
Of Anglo-Saxons to people the earth again.
They tell us the Teuton will prevail
In the world's monster strife;
That he is prepared to avail
Himself of all power that is rife.
What is the issue? What the plan?
Is it between Teuton overlordship fierce
And the liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon plan?
Then let every Allied spear pierce
The body of a Teuton man!
Let the blood of nations be poured out
For the redemption of the world-plan,
And with our hands cast the invader out!
They moved from the British Isles
And came to Virginia's coast;
There they landed in long files
To establish a new rule without boast.
Thru Virginia, Tennessee and the Pass
They made their way in time,

To where they now amass
Liberty all along the line.
Industrious are the people and strong,
Relying upon themselves for aid;
They know the world's injustice and wrong,
But lose sight of it in digging with the spade.
One industry and one plan have they,
The making of men for the new day;
And this thru planting and reaping, aye,
For the ages' long sultry day.
They graze their cattle on the hills,
Their hogs take to the field;
They toss their hay by the rills
And gather their corn of great yield.
Religious are they always,
Moved by emotions ever strong;
They keep strict account of those astray
And plead with them thru song.
In education they believe,
Sending their sons away to school;
They continually try to relieve
The mind of the ignorance of the fool.
Many sacrifices they make
To prepare their sons for life;
Many encomiums they take
Because of the superiority in the strife.
The story is told of Henry Tway
Who came along with Boone,
That he left his home in Tennessee a day
To travel away under the moon.

He remained in Kentucky so long
That, when he returned in haste,
He found his children took flight strong
And fled to safety on the waste.
But brought his family back to this wilderness,
To brave the dangers of the land,
And found a new home with freedom, I confess.
Here he hunted the whole bear clan
And tilled the soil for bread.
He became the father of the Tway host,
And at last found his bed
Beneath a spreading tree post,
In the winter's chilly snow, fast
Asleep in death, amid the wilderness
He had helped to conquer last,
Of which he was no more to boast or confess.

Herbert Tway lives at the lower end,
At the broad part of this vale,
On a rocky prominence, at the very end,
Above the stream without a sail.
From the site of the house here
The valley spreads out far away,
Rimmed by the green of the hills austere
That culminate in the high peak of Thesalay.
To the rear is the orchard near
Where apples of every kind
Grow with a pink luster, I hear,
To supply the wants of mankind.
In front are the strong walnut trees,

Stationed like men on guard,
With their strong branches at ease
Dropping down the walnuts hard.
Beneath are the old flat rocks
Where the walnuts are cracked by day,
While life passes, but never mocks,
Him who thus passes the time away.
Just below, on the high bank of the stream,
Stand an assembly of oaks large
Where spreading branches awake the dream
Of them floating away as a barge.
Let thy boughs sway to the breeze!
Toss them high if you care!
Time's message comes from these—
Grow strong in life's struggle fair.
Above the house opposite these trees
Is the forest of oak and chestnut grand;
Here the youth strays far from mart
To learn of each single tree and
Coax the secret from his heart.
Go on, yearning young man! The plan
Of this universe, and all her ways,
Will come to you in the striving
To solve the mystery in this and other days,
And will abide till at Heaven's gate arriving.
The lot, the garden, the field,
All present themselves to view;
Where man helps nature to bring yield
For those who toil anew.
This house is greater than a castle,

Though very modest at the best;
For youths leave its hearth to wrestle
In God's mighty struggle, the test.
From many a castle sickly youths
Come to lord it over men in power;
They surely will get their dues
In that final reckoning hour,
For star-eyed men, from such a hut
As this, may lead the world's advance
Against monarchical power in a rut,
Democracy's great name to enhance.
Herbert Tway is a man of means
Though he has not one cent;
For Heaven and Earth are but realms
Of possibility in the right direction bent.
He fights for a family of many
With humor, good-natured humor, in his eyes,
And with a song on his lips for any
Occasion that does arise.
Men about him, who saved money, would
Save for the sake of saving it then,
And forget their families' good
In the selfishness that knows no end.
But he for a larger purpose saved,
Saved those principles of nobility fine
And transmitted them thru education grave
To places in his offspring's mind.
He helped them to have greater faith
And courage in life's struggle vast;
And placed on their brow a greater wreath

Than crown for money ever cast.
Susan Tway, his companion true,
Too busy at her work to look around,
Has no thought in view
But of service to others, I am bound.
There are souls who falter, falter,
There are souls who fear and fear;
There are souls who shy at the halter
And are sure their destiny is near.
But she's as steadfast as the sun
In his position among the worlds;
She believes work is never done
Till life into a new sphere whirls.
When others have doubts the more
And fears that cannot be crushed,
She laughs at their halting as before
And wonders why they have rushed
Upon such lovely creatures here below.
"When a thing's to be done, do it;
Tides may come and tides may go,
But the unconquerable spirit moves on to it."
With his faithful helpmate
Who loves life to the very last,
Arm in arm they march in life late
To the sure haven of God's vast
Port, where His love, in form of a crown,
Will be placed on their heads sure
For their services of high renown
In furthering civilization's plan secure.
Over the way only about a mile,

On a small stream, the Mawn,
Which empties into the Brae, while
Flowing from the heart of Humbre at dawn,
Lives Joshua Tway, a man as staid
As the morning star, and as wise.
He is a workman of the rarest type, paid
For what he does in knowing it is right.
To the last he holds to his purpose true,
And at a ripe old age passes
Among the stars out of view
To receive his reward for the labor he amasses.
If you wish a man as a type
Of what man should be,
Choose this man, who was ripe
In life's experiences, with a spirit, you see,
As calm as the apple that grows on a bough.
Life's storms had not disturbed the growing man
In him, but had strengthened and shaped him
now
Like the strong oak whose leaves in the breeze
fan.
The house, the place of his abode,
Is lodged on a steep hillside,
Close beside the road
That crosses the country wide.
It overlooks the Mawn flowing by
The side of Humbre, where a lift
Of the eye catches a view of the mountain nigh
In a vision that has come as a gift.
Here sun and cloud the while,

In turn, toss their light and shade
Over the broad summit, to smile
Or frown upon cliff, gorge and glade.
Here man pauses for a time
To harness the forces of nature secure
That he might serve His purposes betime
For shaping a life to endure.
Not very far up, across the Brae,
From the home of Herbert Tway, lives
Timothy Stiles, who married Martha Tway.
He moves thru the neighborhood and gives
That wholesome influence of good cheer
That puts you always in the best of mood
No matter where you chance to meet him here.
He drives away the angry feelings rude
And with happy smile and friendly word
Causes you to forget your ill.
You always leave him happy as any bird
With its song of freedom to the fill.
Who says he never lived who salves
The little disquietudes of men each day?
Who says he never lived who halves
The apple with his neighbor in a friendly way?
No soaring genius he, no man of birth!
No man for romance, no man for France!
But just a good jolly fellow for the old earth—
One who knows nothing of cunning or chance.
His helpmate is as different as can be.
Sedate is she, and firm as Fate,
With no thought but of the millennium to be,

And of Christ to free men from their awful state.
She believes in every principle of the Sacred
Creed,

Even to the raising of the dead to life;
And will remonstrate over the curse of greed
In a world of deadly strife.

Faithful as Mary as told in Sacred Writ
She ever holds true to her belief,
And looks for the great Judgment, to-wit:
When the wheat shall be separated from the sheaf
Up from Herbert Tway's a mile,
On the same side of the Brae,
And we come to where Jonathan Tway lived
awhile

To prove his worth in the strife of that day.
He lived on a rounded hill overlooking the valley,
Where Nature has prepared a strong retired
place—

A veritable fortress—from which to make a sally
Into the world's stirring market place.
Rimmed by the hills of Cummel to the rear,
With the valley below like a blanket all set,
And with Thesaly Peak looking up as if near,
A scene is presented to view one can never forget.
Two cedars, like grim sentinels, guard
The front of the house on either side;
And the bold-flowing spring a quarter and a yard
Is just over beneath the hill to one side.
The splendid old log house here
Witnessed the triumph of the Union arms,

And sent forth a new army without fear
To help rebuild the country without alarms.
Jonathan Tway, a captain of industry was he—
A man who loved piety in the race
And wished in preference to war to see
The saner virtues strong in all the race;—
For in an age when men were exploring
New paths for men to trod, and were trying
To extend the new country to the sea, he adoring
Their courage and faith was ever vieing
With nature in an effort to set a new pace
For making a nation from the common clay
At his door, thereby making a stronger race
For the mighty struggles of another day.
He, thru thrift, honest toil, and trade,
Secured title to most of this valley here.
Then with strong hand, in less than a decade,
Caused the forests to give way, I hear,
To wide fields of waving corn and grass.
Then his cattle grazed by the many brooks
And his hogs in droves took to the mast;
Till, with barns filled, he looks
Upon a home of plenty, in a new country and age.
If each man built as well as the other
(Pray tell me if this is not so, great sage)—
Would not men be nearer to that of brother
In a union greater than any yet made?
Each striving in his own way, the while,
For the betterment of himself and neighbor, fade
Into the greater union of all erstwhile,

Which proves man can build far better than he
knew.

So Jonathan Tway's philosophy centered here,
And he found to his amaze, as time flew,
That he had served himself and country many a
year

And could now enjoy the fruits of his toil
In peace. But just then the great strife came,
The country rocked in the balance on her own
soil,

And amid all this struggle and pain,
Jonathan Tway, who had builded in love
Far better than his Scotch forebears, now yielded
To the summons for greater union above.
When Father Time his scythe had wielded,
And the last funeral rites had been said,
His broad acres were divided, without dissent,
Among his sons and daughters, aforesaid.
Here since they have dwelt to this time, the
present,

In unity, in this way commemorating the re-
ceiving

Of a greater legacy than lands or houses.
For in what more does wealth consist than in
believing

And trusting those about you. This arouses
No jealousy or opposition and will last
To the end of time. What say you
Who have moved along too fast
For the good old virtues of those who are true?

Hiram Tway, the youngest son
Of Jonathan, lived at the old homestead
Long after his father's death. Late in life he won
The approbation of all who knew him, and led
The community in all the Christian virtues.
Like the Disciple John he proved anew
That Christianity simply lived nurtures
All the holy principles opened to our view.
"As a guide to the feet of youth he had no equal,"
Said those who walked with him every day,
For he knew far better than others the sequel
To the pitfalls of youth striving to gain headway.
He would lend you his horse when he needed to
plow,
Or would walk with you two miles instead of one;
He would quietly pledge you to a new vow
For the furtherance of the Kingdom of the Holy
One.
Lift up thy hand, O most beloved!
Beckon to our most noble selves
From thy happy Eternity, O beloved!
Call us to mightier deeds for ourselves
In this kingdom of ours here on earth.
James Tway lived here, till the lure of the town
Caught him away in a gust of mirth.
There he strove the day thru with men of renown
Till he found he had reached a commanding po-
sition
In the struggle that goes the round.
He became the judge with democratic vision

And strove to leave a better county than he
found.

That he succeeded no one will deny,
But the politicians found they did not need him,
So without even explaining why,
They pushed him aside with a vim.
But lover of the common people was he,
And they a lover of him;
He will always be remembered, you see,
Even if money and position did defeat him.
A burst of laughter comes from the hill,
Answered by a chorus of voices there;
It is none other than our leader, Bill,
The humorist of the Tway family, I declare.
Bill Tway meets you with a solemn face,
But with a rare twinkle in his eye;
By these you may know that the ace
Is to be played by him when the ace is high.
Without waiting for you to speak a word,
Says he, "Have you heard what Ben Warren did
Sunday?"

"Why, no. Tell me." "Well, Ben was at church
the third

On Sandy Creek; the whole country from Mundy
To Big Bone had turned out.

This was communion day, and, after the sermon,
The wine and the bread were passed about,
And when Ben was reached by Deacon Hermon
He turned the cup and drank the wine down.
This was all there was of the wine.

So, when the people retired from the house, Sam
found

Ben and wanted to know why he drank the wine.

Ben's slow reply was, 'I wanted warter, Sam.'"

Following this such a laugh came

As never comes from reading Sam,

Bill Nye, Ward, Riley, Holmes, or Mark Twain,

Or all the humorists that have ever been.

He was the poetry of laughter itself,

For when those ripples rolled on the air a-spin

The echoing hills took them without pelf

And passed them on to regions still fair.

Too much work was against his religion,

The joy of life held him like a nightmare,

Yet he drank deeper of life than most in this
region.

A hunter was he by temper and profession,

His dogs were always ready for the chase;

Life among the hills was to him no digression,

For often for days he failed to return to his base.

"Skip with me upon the hills," said he,

"Ride with me upon the winds that blow;

Laughter calls to me from out the sea

Of humanity, and I must go."

There was Thomas Tway and his wife Aleen.

Of Thomas Tway I know but little worth while,

But of his worthy wife, I know and have seen

That she had the best apples for many a mile.

The tree stood by the crib near the road

Where the busy school children passed along;

Every day they would stop and get a load
Of apples, and thought it no wrong.
Worthy lady Aleen would rarely complain
Unless the apples were getting fewer;
Then she would make it plain
That many children should be the fewer.
She had sons worthy the name
Who walked by the precepts of God,
And sought not the paths of fame
Other than those that had already been trod.
They preach and sing, and till the soil,
And save their money like gallant swain;
They never enter into a broil
Save for freedom's right to gain.

This valley and these hills are a world sublime,
Where mighty deeds have been wrought
By men of all races from every clime—
(The most heroic succeeded while they fought).
Sir Galahad and his knights contend fair
In the wood yonder beneath that hill,
And David slays Goliath in contest there
When the stone whirls from his sling with a will.
Don Quixote passes this way on a windy day
And bids the paltry knights clear the road,
And Henry the Eighth is here blustering away
When called to Byron's heaven with his load.
The tillers of the soil, both great and small,
From famed Egypt and the remotest times,
Toil and labor here beside all

Those who are the makers of heroic rhymes.
And the famed Poe, with his weird measures,
Tuned to the spirit of a soul divine,
Is one with brave Lowell riding Pegasus, one of
his treasures,
Thru all the Elysian Fields of the mind.
And Markham is here crying the protest
Of the soul wandering in darkness before,
And Rice pressing on is giving no rest
To Pegasus in the production of volumes galore.
Shakespeare's Forest of Arden is here nigh,
Where sun and shadow play at will,
And man can behold nature's wonder and sigh
For greater wonders still.
The Golden Gems of Life are pictured now
In the log cabin by the still flowing stream,
And David Copperfield is wondering how
He can reach the kingdoms of his dream.
The church of Adam Bede is on the hill,
Where the wild roses scatter their perfume,
And near by is the hum of the old mill
That louder sounds thru the gathering gloom.
Napoleon and Alexander are ever here
Fighting their battles for rule or sway,
And the Kaiser is blustering to his fall near
On the battlefields of the Marne today.
Washington's Valley Forge is not far away,
For there I see him kneel in prayer awhile
To ask of Him who knows the way
For light to lead his hosts thru the trial.

Grant is thundering away at Appomattox town
And Sherman is sweeping on to the sea,
Just over that mountain of fair renown,
To their victory and ours sure as can be.
Lee surrenders, uniting the nation again,
But the old Ship of State rocks in the storm
When the brave Captain, just to all men,
Goes to his reckoning hour amid the storm.
Patrick Henry proclaims liberty for all,
Adams pleads for justice to the race of men,
And Webster warns of the impending pall
Over the nation that will unite again.
Jefferson works for democracy the more,
Jackson strives to uphold this light,
And Lincoln and Roosevelt come to the fore
To give wider range to Freedom's right.
Transfigured are the hills, valley and road
To Palestine in the days of the Savior of men,
And many disciples carrying their load
Wander over hill and countryside again.
Jesus feeds the multitude, true to no form,
On the hill that shoulders out the sky,
And Moses on the mount writes out his reform
To be broken to pieces in anger near by.
Abraham offers up Isaac as a sacrifice too
On the high mountain beyond the Brae,
And Jesus goes to Calvary with followers few
In the storm that shakes the world to-day.

THE PINNACLE

I stand on the topmost peak of the Pinnacle
Bathed in the splendor of the morning sun!
What beauty, what glory run
With the coming of my lord, the sun!
Is this the air of Heaven itself I breathe?
Is this truly the light of fair Eternity?
Who knows? To me it matters much,
For, in this world of splendor, I am free.

The gray rocks, craggy, old and worn,
Silently greet him as they have for aye;
The green trees, greener in the radiant flame,
Await the glory of his fuller hour;
While the peak, long known to war and song,
Receives with composure this great benediction.

Just below, spread out like the broad expanse
Of a mighty lake, lies the wavy, billowy fog,
White, white, and forever white,
Whose waves fade away into the distance dim
Like the sunlit waves of the jasper sea,
Till fog and peak, peak and fog, are one.

Far down in the town in the valley below
Men grovel and work and strive for gain,
While on this high, ethereal peak,
Far from the daily toils of men,

Amid the bewitching scenes of an early dawn,
I let the eager wings of my soul
Try the free air of that nobler world
Sung by the bards of an ancient time.

5-3-16

CUMBERLAND GAP

Between two towering peaks the Gap lies,
Famous for a century—no mystery;
And from its strategic position vies
With the traveled highways of history.

I

In that dawn before American history began,
With a native forest this Gap was filled,
Which was part of that Wilderness grand
That spread beyond where the hills are rilled.
This Wilderness spread over the valleys south,
And all along the great mountain chain,
Where waters of rivers start for the mouth,
To widest extent of forest domain.
To the north this Wilderness spread over
Narrow river valleys and mountains wide,
To the very edge of the Bluegrass, moreover,
And then on and on, far, by slow-moving tide.
Here rhododendron clung to the rocky slope

And iris beside the dripping cliffs grew;
The deer leaped up and bounded over the slope
And the bear prowled in places known by few.
Columbine blossoms quivered in the breeze
And myriad flowers covered all the ground
Where Indians prowled beneath great trees
And hunted their game without making a sound.
Not even a path the great forest knew,
Save that of wild beast or sure Indian foot;
The whisper of the trees in the breeze knew
Not the clash of arms or step of boot.
The pristine glory of this forest-world
Calmed the spirits of beast and savage man,
Ere the new forces of men began to whirl
Thru this rugged forest-laden land—
Ere the march of Empire took its way
O'er mountain fastness and wild glen,
To spread itself under so great a sway
As has never been known to the race of men.

II

Then the surging tide of Empire rose
In the European cradle-home of the race;
Moved in mighty volume to the shore
And was then off in a wild, mad race.
The tide surged over ocean wide
Periling all in mighty storm and wave;
Then plunged upon the Eastern shore, to abide
In a new land, a new Freedom to save.

Then spread along this shore wide
And surged against the Appalachian wall,
Falling back upon itself; then the tide
Plunged, swerved, and sought along the wall
An outlet to the vaster regions beyond.
Then on a fair day for furthering Empire
Plunged thru Cumberland Gap, and beyond,
Beneath the rock-ribbed Pinnacle's spire.
There rode upon the very crest of this wave
A man who was made of the common earth—
Yet a man who had an Empire to save
In the great effort of the race for wider berth.
Alone in the forest with his God
He dreamed dreams as did the great Moses,
And went forth with his gun as a rod
To clear the way to be strewn with roses.
Then gathered to his aid a band of men
Noble as those of Cromwell's famous band,
And set them to carve a highway then
Thru to the very heart of the Western land.
I pause here before this man's greatness,
And the nobility of those who aided him,
And bow my head in shame before the lateness
Of Kentucky in paying due honor to him.
No Knight of the Round Table, though often
told,
Ever surpassed this man in his persistent plan
To direct the reins of Empire in a way so bold
And make a better way for the triumph of man.
A bold Knight of Democracy was he;

For, when the swelling tide pressed on,
He stepped aside and waited in the lea
Of the ship, till government was erected thereon.
Then moved on with the rushing waters of the
tide

Into the wider regions of the great West,
And there sought a place for awhile to abide
In order that he might view Democracy's test.
Then in peace he went to his tomb,
Which rests in quiet upon the long rocky ledge
Overlooking the Kentucky tide's boom,
And the wide region from the cliff's edge.
Then this Gap became the traveled highway,
Greater by far than all the rest,
For the swelling army marching along the way,
To spread over the wide lands of the West.
The tide moved on, spreading as it went the more,
Till it had encompassed the whole of the West;
Then halted along the wide Pacific's shore
Till Democracy had triumphed from the burning
test.

III

Then, as the years passed, the tide upon itself
turned,
And the Gap again became a strategic position.
The tide rolled up from the South, then turned
And met the tide rolling down from the North—a
transition

That caused the two terrific forces to clash
In a supreme struggle that was to decide
Which force was to assume control, after the
clash,
Of the policies of the nation from tide to tide.
First one army and then the other held the Gap
secure,
Planting the cannon all about on the mountain
side,
Thinking that in this way they could immure
Themselves from danger, and swing the balance
to their side.
The tide plunged thru the Gap, from one side
first,
And then from the other, till in the end
The tide from the North, with mighty plunge,
burst
Thru the Gap and held it to the end.
And now, after the lapse of many years' time,
The scars of the fierce warfare are to be found:
Roads strung along the mountain sides in a line,
To wind beneath frowning peaks and then down
Into the valleys below, where the camps of men
Are spread far and near about the mountain's
base;
Cannon placed on the Pinnacle's top, rocks hold
the names of men;
Pits found along the tops of low ridges in a long
row
Where the many bodies of the men who died

Were taken from the earth, after the awful
throe,
To be reinterred where this had been denied.
Here brother fought against his brother
In the most fearful strife that comes to men,
Each thinking he was the one to further
The cause of the nation—the other to make
amend.

The fury of the tide has subsided long ago,
And over a royal highway the tides of men
In peaceful pursuit pass to and fro
Without thought of renewing the strife again.
The Gap, hollowed out by some ancient tide,
Between the twin peaks of the mountain stands
Overawed by the Pinnacle's broad side,
And fearful of the thunderous cave's hands
That grip it from beneath, submissive now
To the quiet generations of men that come and go,
In their persistent effort to show how
The tides of men come that never cease to flow.

3-27-21

THE NARROWS AGAIN

The plunging river, walls of rock
Thirteen hundred feet on either side,
Tell the story of a mighty struggle
That formed this gorge so wide.
Formed ere the star appeared in the East
Over the Savior's place of birth,
Long before the advent of man
Upon this globe of whirling earth.

The trembling earth, a rumbling noise,
Rocks crashing down the high mountain,
And, enveloped in a cloud of smoke,
And gushing from its side the fountain,
A mountain appears, extending far
Across the path nature has set
For the regular course of river and star,
And all things that move with them yet.

A thousand streams against this wall
Rush. Their waters rise to the crest,
Forming a surging, angry lake,
Which sweeps away to rest
Among distant peaks, there to prepare
For the coming struggle between these
Mighty forces of nature for the pass—
A struggle which nature cannot appease.

The water creeps over the high crest
And falls to the valley below in mist.
And like the sea that fears not the ship
The mountain is not alarmed at this;
But laughs at the very small force
That would contest this great pass
With a mountain wonderful as the sea,
Having just sprung into existence en masse.

But time is allied with the stream
Which increases in volume and violence
Till, before the mountain is aware,
A wide gap has been cut whence
Issue the wrathful waters that fall
With a roar to rebound among the hills.
Like the battle of the gods on Olympus
The contest is waged with mighty wills.

Nor ceased that contest, age after age,
Till the stream in triumph had won
By plunging to the mountain's very base,
Flowing away peacefully under a glowing sun.
Then the waters divide, and each stream
Seeks his channel to glide as of yore,
Making famous for all time the pass
That had yielded to Vulcan strokes the more.

Then comes peace to the antagonists bold,
And each tries to hide the scars
By throwing a mantle of dark green,
Decorated with red and gold, like stars,

O'er the mountain's rock-ribbed sides.
The river flows over the bottomless chasm here,
And the gods take up their abode nigh
For a peaceful reign of a thousand year.

4-4-18

THE PANAMA CANAL

The wealth of the Indies all Europe dreamed;
The truth of a world on heroes beamed.

Great Marco Polo wrote a book then
That stirred the imaginations of all men.

Columbus dared what men feared—
The terrors of the deep; a continent appeared.

Balboa to conquer across the isthmus came
To a placid ocean without any name.

He drew his sword, plunging into main,
And commanded the waves to be subject to Spain.

Then besought his country to listen to his claim
For a great canal to link main to main.

This, while Hudson, Davis and Drake,
Gilbert and the rest, sought the way to make

The famed Indies by the northwest route,
Which they found closed—to them a very sad truth.

Magellan found the strait which bears his name;
But four hundred years proves Balboa's fame.

De Lessep, the Frenchman, heroic in his might,
Tried to carry out the seer's dream right

By building a canal from ocean to ocean;
But private enterprise gave it up as a notion.

Then bold Roosevelt, linking dream to deed,
On the scene came to dare and to do with speed

What others had tried by resolution vain,
Thru all these years—to link main to main.

Ships of every land, O come this way!
Link East to West—usher in the new day!

When from the Mediterranean and Atlantic's tide
The trade of the world shifts to the Pacific wide.

The Panama Canal! The brave, brave deed,
Stands as a monument to the heroic breed

Of a noble man, who dreamed and wrought,
And wrought and dreamed, for ideas others fought.

He made it possible for the spices of the East
To arrive at the West for the all-world feast.

5-23-16

THE GARDEN

Ho! ho! ho!
To the garden we go
To dig with the spade;
Now you take the hoe
And we'll make a show,
Nor ever think of the shade.

Dig! dig! dig!
It's worth more'n a fig
To make the dirt fly;
Now burst the clods
O'er many rods,
And don't take time to sigh.

Rake! rake! rake!
Many strokes we take
To make the ground fine;
Then make up the beds
Without thinking of the Reds,
And draw the rows to a line.

Gee! gee! gee!
You just wait and see
How we plant the little seeds;
We strew them in a furrow
Like animals in a burrow,
And protect them from the weeds.

O! O! O!

How they do grow
In lines so very straight—
The raddish, lettuce, corn,
In the bright May morn,
Nor ever think to wait.

Hi! hi! hi!

It's time for us to spy
For weeds and every enemy thing;
We'll take our hoe
And dig just so,
And listen to the birds sing.

Great! great! great!
Come to the gate,
Behold a sight to see;—
Tomatoes blushing fine,
Beans in a line,
And melons all ripe for me.

Red! red! red!
Flowers in a bed
Along the wide path, too;
White ones there,
And yellow ones share
In beauties of garden for you.

Past! past! past!
Summer going at last
And the pleasures of the garden, too;
But nature gives health,
Far greater than wealth,
And a chance to learn of you.

2-22-16

THE FISHERMEN

Fishermen three
Went out to see
If any fish there were in sight.
The day was fine,
In went the line,
But the fish they would not bite.

Minnows it took
To go on each hook,
And the bait they cast out very far;
But there they sat,
And forgot to chat,
While they frowned on an unlucky star.

To another place,
With anxious face,
For luck, they said, they moved once more,
Till ill at ease,
Themselves to please,
They stretched on the grass on curving shore.

Some thought
That they ought
To leave without giving any warning;
While others said
That time only sped,
And they would never leave till morning.

Just then away
Went the line astray,
And the waves quivered under the terrified
strain;
The fisherman leaped
To his feet
And seized his rod with anxious strain.

All his force
Rushed to one source
At the touch of the quivering rod in his hands.
His eye on the line,
With grip on reel fine,
He leads the fighting fish to where he stands.

And all the shore
For once more
Is alive with the shouts of happy men
As each tries
His new flies,
And seeks a new place to try them then.

For a six-pounder,
With flounce and flounder,
Has been held up to all the waiting view;
And the new hopes
Of men and ropes
Have all been revived and stirred anew.

Again the fun began
Right under the span
Of the bridge across the quivering lake;
All caught fish,
As many as could wish,
And carried them to their lodge to bake.

Then over the wine
They spun the story fine
Of how they caught the fish more and more;
And left alone,
They'll go home,
And never forget to tell the story o'er and
o'er.

AUTUMN

The Kenton hills are now aflame
With such a mad desire;
Goldenrods afield are the same
With yellow to admire.
Red-gold, amid the dying green,
Reign in profusion here,
Blended delicate hues between
On hill and vale so near.

Squirrels are hoarding many nuts
Ready for winter's blast;
Leaves are filling up all the ruts
To hide the falling mast.
Chilly streams in the quiet vale
Wind by the shocks of corn;
And the clear winds without avail
Cause a shiver in the morn.

Yellow pumpkins are in the field,
The straw is in the stack;
Groaning haylofts are made to yield
To the strain of their pack.
Crows caw and caw the livelong day
From the bare trees and hedge;
And blackbirds sweep down and away
In droves above the sedge.

Apples, with pink lustre rare, load
The trees in orchard near;
Glad chestnuts drop down by the road
In the wide woods, I hear.
The hick'ry nuts are gather'd in
For quiet hours at eve;
The walnuts are dried with a grin
That mock not nor deceive.

Autumn is here in all her sway
On ev'ry hill and vale;
The best of all the year, for aye,
Is near for our avail.
Nature blends her colors ever
In such true varied hues;
And the lap of plenty will sever
From want and all her dues.

10-15-18

THE AUTUMN SUN

All set is the sun
In a misty autumn haze;
Like a red-orange ball won
From out the stellar ways.

Behind the dark pines cold
How large he looms and fair!
How like fairy fruit of gold
He hangs on boughs there!

From the North blow the winds,
A chill is in the air;
But the autumn sun ever finds
The bleakness very fair.

10-13-18

AN OCTOBER DAY

WITHOUT

Gray clouds hover low,
A thick mist fills the air,
And in the street is the show
Of dreariness everywhere.

Dripping wet are the eaves,
Puddles stand in the street;
And half-bare are the trees
Your eyes everywhere greet.

The men shiver as they pass
And walk straight ahead;
The October chills force amass,
Ever with fearful dread.

WITHIN

Cozy here is the room
With a glow from the grate
Casting a halo with a boon
Over those in happy state

Seated the half-circle round.

Gas flames chase each other up
The asbestos back like the hound
When the wild chase is up.

Now here, now there, then away
Thru the asbestos they go,
Chasing their desire in their way.
With satisfaction aglow.

The smiling books look down
From the shelf in the case,
And invite you to sound
The mysteries there they trace.

The victrola in the corner stands
Fair with its glad desire,
Ready for the touch of hands
To unloose the music you admire.

The pictures hang on the walls
In their quiet, secure place,
That you may trace the halls
Of ocean or woodland space.

The family of three seated here
With books in their hand,
Feel the glow of happiness near
While united in happy band.

THE HUNT IN FLORIDA

When October's chilling breeze
Hails forth in Kentucky,
And you see everywhere falling leaves,
With the long arms of the trees
Stretching forth in gaunt array,
Then up and away
To the fairer land of eternal flowers
For a quiet place to pass away the hours.

To the sunny land of palm and pine,
And the great swamps too;
To where sweeping prairies meet the pine
In their far-away sweep to the brine.
For thee I pine, O land so fair!
With loveliness everywhere,
And a name so charming that he who reads
Will sigh till he plunges within thy reeds.

Long and straight are the roads there,
Over them we go,
For the wild game that's fleeter and fair,
And hides in cooling swamps everywhere;
For the chase across the open pine-land,
Across the prairie-land,
To the big swamps, the marshy swamps, below
Where, when pressed, all the fleetest deer go.

Then retrace your steps with downcast look,
And sore disappointment,
To the hastily built camp whence we took
Our course that morn without compass or book.
There to plan the next day's chase,
In a surer place,
For the game we know is bound to be there
From reports our faithful spies declare.

Then to the chase again, you men,
With all the dogs, too;
For hope rides on the wings of morn again
To lead the hunters on over heath and fen.
Slowly we go, with the dogs ahead,
Just lately from bed,
To the cooling swamps just over the way
Where the deer feed by night, not by day.

The old hound moves up slowly then
To the palmettoes there,
Sniffs the air, and starts off faster again
Across the open woodland before the men.
With his head in the air a bark resounds,
Bringing up all the hounds;
Thru the pines near the marshy ground alack
Leaps forward the leader of the whole pack.

A crack of the palmettoes, the flash of a tail,
And the deer is up,
Over the open woodland to hit the trail;

Boom, boom, from the guns, and he begins to fail,
Then falls to the ground limp and lifeless,
And with no spitefulness
Has the deer come to this fateful end,
For the name of hunter I shall ever defend.

But there he lies, fat, sleek, and fine,
Upon the short grass.
What a pity to halt this fleetness at this time
When the deer is in all his prime!
My conscience says I must forever pay
For time spent this way,
And he who takes the life of the least
Must ever think of naught but the feast.

Then Lord, dear Lord, forgive, I pray;
It is my true desire
That I may be freed from guilt this day,
From the distressful pangs that won't fly away.
I must see more than the feast in the deer,
The trim form of the deer,
And life to me must always be dearer, dear,
In the beauty of palm and pine and deer.

10-25-18

ADOWN THE WOODLAND WAY

Adown the woodland way
Elves sport and play
For our delight today.

The wonder of the wood!
That brings all good
To the heart that would

Interpret its meaning
In careful gleaning
Near the tree leaning.

Close beside a cove
The tangled vines rove,
And flowers, I trove,

Show happy faces fair,
In the balmy air,
All around, everywhere.

Adown the woodland way
Elves sport and play
For our delight today.

"THE HANGING ROCK"

Far above the water's edge
Hangs the rocky ledge,
Rugged, stately and still,
Strong with the strength of the hill
From which he springs.

A movement of waters nigh,
A fringe of trees against the sky,
Clusters of flowers on the ground,
And with the music of birds 'round
All the forest rings.

Far above the eagle swings,
Close to the rocks the iris clings;
Fishes glide thru the waters below,
And from afar true lovers row
To this safe retreat.

When the shades of evening draw near,
The lovers glide away without fear;
They pass as if in a mystic dream
The great dark object by the stream,
And oft the tale repeat.

For ages on ages past
He has defied the elements to the last:—
All the rains of a thousand years,
The snows and storms' awful fears,
The river's whirling tide.

Masterful, patient, sublime,
He reposes here and bides his time
While the cycles of the ages pass all,
And while kingdoms rise and fall
With the swell of the tide.

3-21-16

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

Trailing, trailing, onward the arbutus goes,
Along the hillsides and up thru the coves,
Around the cliffs with the trees for a screen,
And into the dark gorge by the side of the ravine.

He trails beside the streamlet, rippling sweet,
And clambers under vines and over moss so neat;
He weaves pretty figures on the brown forest floor
And envies not the great trees above him any more.

He trailed the hills of old New England, south,
And came down to a very wide harbor's mouth—
There to greet our earnest Pilgrim Fathers of yore
And welcome them, one and all, to our new shore.

He trailed south along the great mountain chain,
Nor ever stopped to consider his distant gain,
Till he had reached the "Land of Flowers"
And had become a welcome guest in quiet bowers.

White down is upon his fresh leaves so green,
A flush of pink on his petals may be seen;
And contrasts are his winding stem so brown
And the bare trees far above the ground.

His list'ning ear is close to Nature's heart—
He early knows all her soothing, winning art—
So the warm sunshine of windy March makes rife
All his sleeping energies, and spurs them to life.

Just then a blast from the north sweeps down
And covers with snow all the ground.
The tall pine beneath the load is almost spent
While the laurel everywhere is bowed and bent.

Grim old Winter holds universal sway once again
And frowns from ev'ry rugged cliff and glen;
But little does he know he plays the old clown,
For the sure promise of Spring is on the ground.

And just where the path makes a sweeping bend,
Close beside a rock with sheltered laurel, then
The arbutus shows his cheery face, hopeful and gay,
And awaits the disappearance of the snow in a day.

Away flies the snow before the warm sun—
Already a complete victory has been won—
And Spring in full sway holds out her glad hand
While Nature stirs to new life in all the land.

2-5-16

THE "BURNT CABIN"

This cabin stood on the broad plain of the mountain
top
By the clear, cool waters of a fountain never at rest,
Where a world of trees spread a canopy of leaves
overhead,
And tangled vines showed nature in primitive mood
best.

Here the wild fox dug his hole unscared,
And the frisky squirrel jumped and played all around;
The raccoon prowled in search of food day and night,
And the deer lolled at his ease or went with a bound.

This was the first cabin in this region far and near,—
A pioneer in a new land and a new age;
It followed in the wake of that brave leader, Boone,
In a greater dash than was ever made by king or page.

No sooner had it been erected, and a clearing made,
Than came a mighty sweep of roaring, devouring flame
And razed this fair cabin to the ground,
Leaving naught to mark the spot but ashes and a name.

This seemed nature's way of strongest protest
Against the invading hand of ruthless man;—
A protest which is at once full of prophecy,
And filled with important meaning for the race of Pan.

We talk of civilization and her rapid strides,
Of the inventive genius of man and the needs of the
hour,
Of the tilling of the soil under scientific guides,
And of the brave deeds of the warrior when linked
with power.

Great are these and the times that brought them forth;
But in the great march of civilization thru the ages
Something has been lost in sweeping away these forests
To give place for history numbered by volumes in-
stead of pages.

Have we not lost some of the calm power and patience
That come to us thru the woods and trees?
Have we not lost some of the wonder and vision
That come to us in a world of green at our ease?

Then forever stay the hand of ruthless man!
And give us to roam these glorious woods free,
Where nature calms and broadens the soul of man
In preparation for this life and the world to be.

6-3-15

THE LONE PINE

On the lone peak of a mountain high
A stately pine stood a whole century;
Often with wind and storm he did vie
In his struggles for mastery.

But deep-rooted, with a firm hold
On earth and rocks immovable,
He bade defiance to wind and storm
And the thunderings of the elements innumerable.

From his lofty eminence enthroned
He looked down on a vale of much renown,
Where went an enchanting river that flowed
To encircle in his arms—a town.

There many a hunter stood beneath his cover,
Watching for the antlered deer to pass;
There many a lover stole thither
To rest in the shade on the grass.

There a bird sometimes perched himself to sing
His songs of gladness and delight;
There flowers would bloom in spring
To greet the early morning's first light.

A change: flashes of lightning come and go,
The thunder's loud roar is in the air;
The fateful hour has come, and, like a hero,
The stately tree has fallen fair.

Nor fell that tree without a noble fight;
For often we hear people say,
As of a great man who stood by the right,
That he is remembered, even unto this day.

II-'02

THE DANDELION AGAIN

Some flowers grow in distant mountain coves,
Some cling to the clefts of rocks in droves,
Some stand upon the great plains so wide,
Some beneath the cover of brown leaves hide,
Some gladden desolate valleys in their beauty,
While others remain in our homes from duty.

But the dandelion does not behave in this way.
He forever grows beside the regular trodden way
To cheer and gladden the heart of busy man,
In his ever persistent effort to try to scan
For his joyous labors the new distant fields,
Which are to bring forth for him great yields.

He clings to the worn soil with all his might,
And often rears his happy face just in sight
Above the beautiful carpet of native green;
For he seems only to want his face to be seen
That he may contrast his color of golden hue
With all the varied surroundings in his view.

Only one in the very early morning you may see,
But just wait and look, if you are to believe me,
And the very next morning will bring a great host.
They all cheerful come without pomp or boast,
And turn their glad faces to the arching sky
To view the chariot of the Sun-god passing by.

Then up rises from the ground a lengthy stem
With a white downy ball on the upper end,
Composed of many little dandelions with wings
Ready to ride upon the first breeze that swings
By, to carry them away to a far-distant place
To propagate with their own hands a new race.

Who says the dandelion is only a wicked pest
And should never have any secure place to rest
In this common every-day world of ours?
Heed him not. Go on, humble brother; the Powers
That were great when the old worlds were new
Will help thee to cheer the noble toilers anew.

I-30-16

THE WOODLAND

Down by a quiet stream that pursues its way
Thru a narrow valley between two hills,
A woodland extends up the slope far away,
Tuned to the music of many rills.

The giant trees that tower against the sky
And cast their benign shadows upon the earth,
Are the shelters for the thoughts of you and me
No less than for men of all races and birth.

I go to this woodland season in and season out
And draw from it my inspiration and thought;
I range this woodland all around, about,
And see what wonderful works God hath wrought.

Not a sound is there to be heard anywhere,
Save the occasional rustle of the squirrel in a tree,
Or the sudden chirrup of the wild forest bird,
Or the measured beat of the universe with me.

I quench my thirst at its flowing fountains
And stand quietly by its dashing waterfalls;
I look away beyond to distant mountains
And watch the shades of evening play over all.

I sleep beneath a broad canopy of leaves
And dream of the primeval forests of old ;
I awake with all my senses clarified,—
A flood of glory rushes over my soul.

Earth recedes; I am carried on pinions
Of thought to beautiful airy realms above,
Where the glory of the two worlds ever meet
In the everlasting forests of the gods of love.

I shall not soon forget that in the morning of life
This wood became to me a companion, a friend ;
It taught me that joy and gladness were rife
And that nature would help me to comprehend.

Spread forth your light, your shadows and shade,
And all the beauties and glories of an ancient wood ;
Let the world of mankind learn your trade—
The uplifting of life to the beneficent and the good.

5-2-15

THE WHIPPOORWILL

Whip-p'r-will, whip-p'r-will,
Comes the plaintive, sad cry
From the far-distant hill
As the evening shades draw nigh.

Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,
Strong, clear and shrill,
Comes the answer from the hill
Where dark shadows lie still.

Darker gloom by the stream,
Darker hills against the sky,
Solemn thoughts for your dream,
Accompanied by this pensive cry.

Whence thy plaintive cry,
O bird, of the sweeping wing?
What makes thee sigh,
Thou sad, inscrutable thing?

Is poor Will thy brother
Who, in the long ages gone by,
Was punished for some other,
And for him you now sigh?

Or is poor Will the Muse
Who inspires thy sad song
And compels thee to use
Thy cry against the oppressor's wrong?

We cannot hear thy woeful song,
Out of tune with the season;
Summer has come without a sigh;
Thy song is without any reason.

Then back to thy mountain glen,
And upon thy nest, without a song,
Far from the haunts of men,
Brood over thy grievous wrong.

Take with thee all the gloom,
And thy sad, sorrowful tune;
Leave me to my thoughts for a boon,—
My soul would to nobler things attune.

Return not to our habitations;
But remain in thy secluded cove high,
And plague not our meditations
With thy sad and melancholy cry.

4-8-16

SPRING IN THE MOUNTAINS

Robins appear
In the orchard near
The same time of year
As they have for many years, time out of time;
Whippoorwill's shrill
Cry, on yonder hill,
As shadows grow still,
Pierce the still gloom out of tune with time.

Violets blue,
With Heaven's own hue,
Often greet you
In field and lane as you wander with a will;
Jonquils yellow,
The jolly fellow,
Careless of his yellow,
So tall and straight, meets you with a thrill.

Maples' flame,
Redbuds the same,
Do both proclaim
Beauty on the dull background of hill near;
Dogwoods white,
Looking like the sprite,
In the calm night,
Bedeck the slopes with no thought of care.

Squirrels rustle
On trees ahustle
With life and bustle,
When the buds of the bare forest begin to swell;
Chipmunks clatter,
With chatter, chatter,
All the day and after,
As you glide thru the open woods so well.

What does it mean,
All this life, I ween,
By hill and stream,
Where brown hills keep company with dull care.
Spring in full sway,
From throat and spray,
Heralds the day
That life is astir in mountain and glen, everywhere.

5-I-18

PINEVILLE

Girded by Cumberland's waters,
Guarded by high mountains,
Lies our dear old Pineville
Amid the swelling fountains
Of joy, the imagination fills.
Hail to thee, Pineville!
Hail to the magic of thy hills!
To thee we give three cheers
For the heart that knows no years!

10-23-18

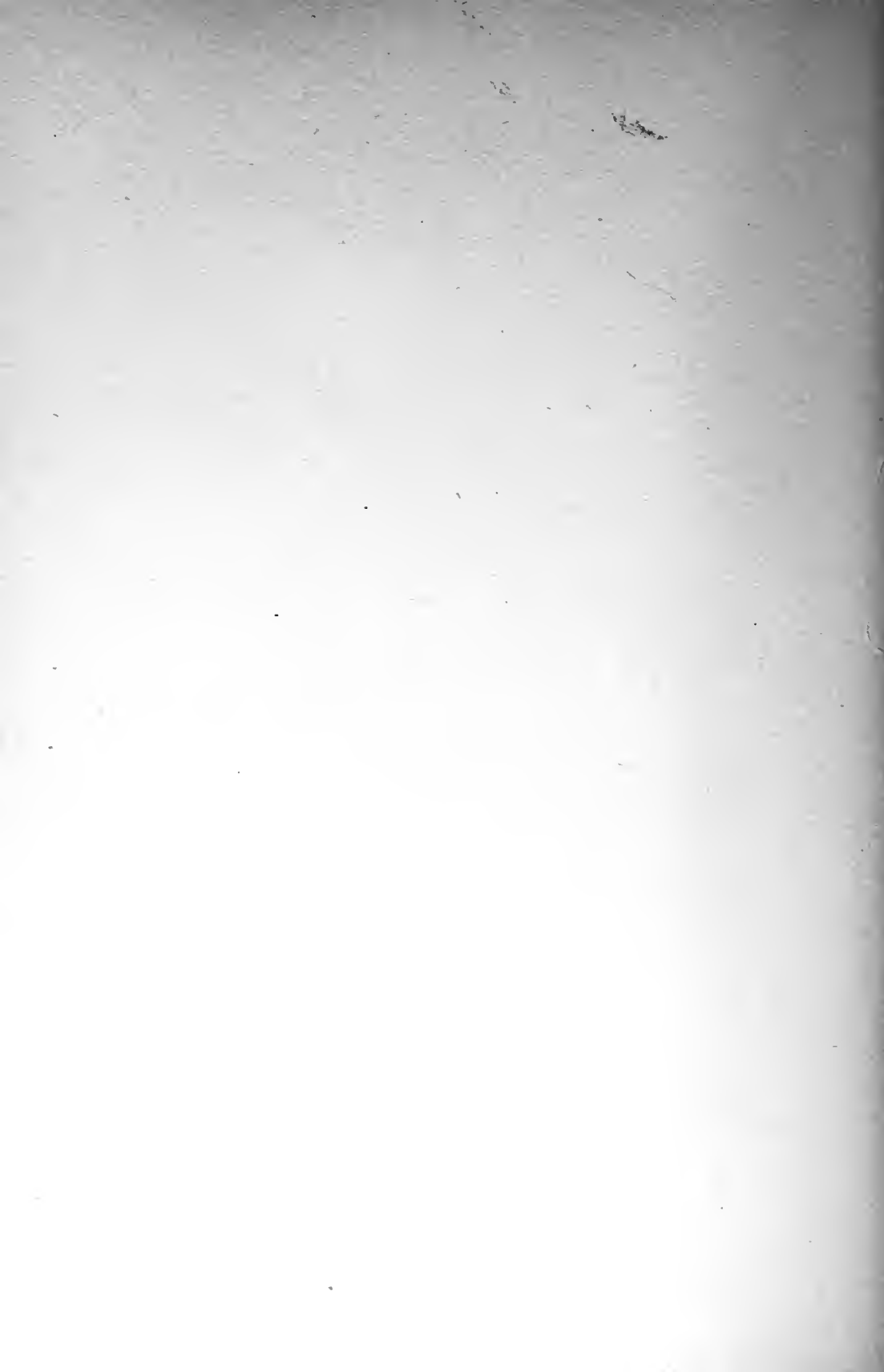
THE CLUMP OF CEDARS

On a hot July afternoon
Falls a heavy, refreshing rain, and soon
The whole of the visible earth looks refreshed,
In which every leaf, stem and flower is enmeshed.
A clump of cedars close by our tent,
With that life of theirs not very far spent,
And, with dark foliage, stand rich
Against a bluish-gray sky, which,
In the harmony of things without a breeze,
Shows beneath and above the trees.
The tallest cedar of the clump the sun's rays tip,
And, in the bright light of this tip,
Beads of water like diamonds shine,—
And sparkle with the thoughts of mine,—
Which, with the dark bulk of the bodies of the trees,
The straight, short stems that support these,
And a rich coat of green grass beneath,
Form an artistic picture which I bequeath
To him whom the love of nature holds
In the pure visions it ever molds.

8-9-21



IV.
PATRIOTIC POEMS



JUST FORTY-TWO

Just forty-two

For me and you!

To-day I welcome with delight;
For many years ago I first saw dawn of light
On this new day. The draft is now in sight,
And I'm to leave for France to fight.

O what a world for me and you!

To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two

For me and you!

How patriotism surges at my heart!
I now welcome the chance to thrust the dart
Clear thru the foe, and to perform my part
In struggling world for freedom sure of home and mart.

O what a world for me and you!

To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two

For me and you!

How glad I am to see this day!
When old-world systems crumble now to sure decay,
And from the ashes rise to wider sway
Democracy, triumphant then for aye!

O what a world for me and you!

To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two
For me and you!
From flaring flame that has been set
Will come redemption sure of this old world well set!
The God of War men will assuredly forget
When Love, and Peace, and Freedom have all met!
O what a world for me and you!
To-day I am just forty-two!

Just forty-two
For me and you!
Hand me the weapon by your side,
And let us cleave the enemy line wide!
Then shall we sing as we move with the tide
Of Freemen to where Victory doth now abide!
O what a world for me and you!
To-day I am just forty-two!

8-21-18

THE ARMY ON PARADE

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The hosts of the Lord move on
Over the streets of Cincinnati town.
Grim warriors of the world, such as Cromwell knew,
Declaring the doom of Militarism and the Crown
That rushed upon the world their bloodthirsty crew.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The hosts of the Lord move on
Over the streets of Cincinnati town.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Down the street they swing
Between the human walls on either side.
The thunder of doom's in the tread of their feet;
Monarchial power totters for the plunge 'neath the
tide
Of Victory they are sure to meet.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Down the street they swing
Between the human walls on either side.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The cheers from the throng burst on the air
As column after column passes by.
"We are ready, one hundred million strong,"

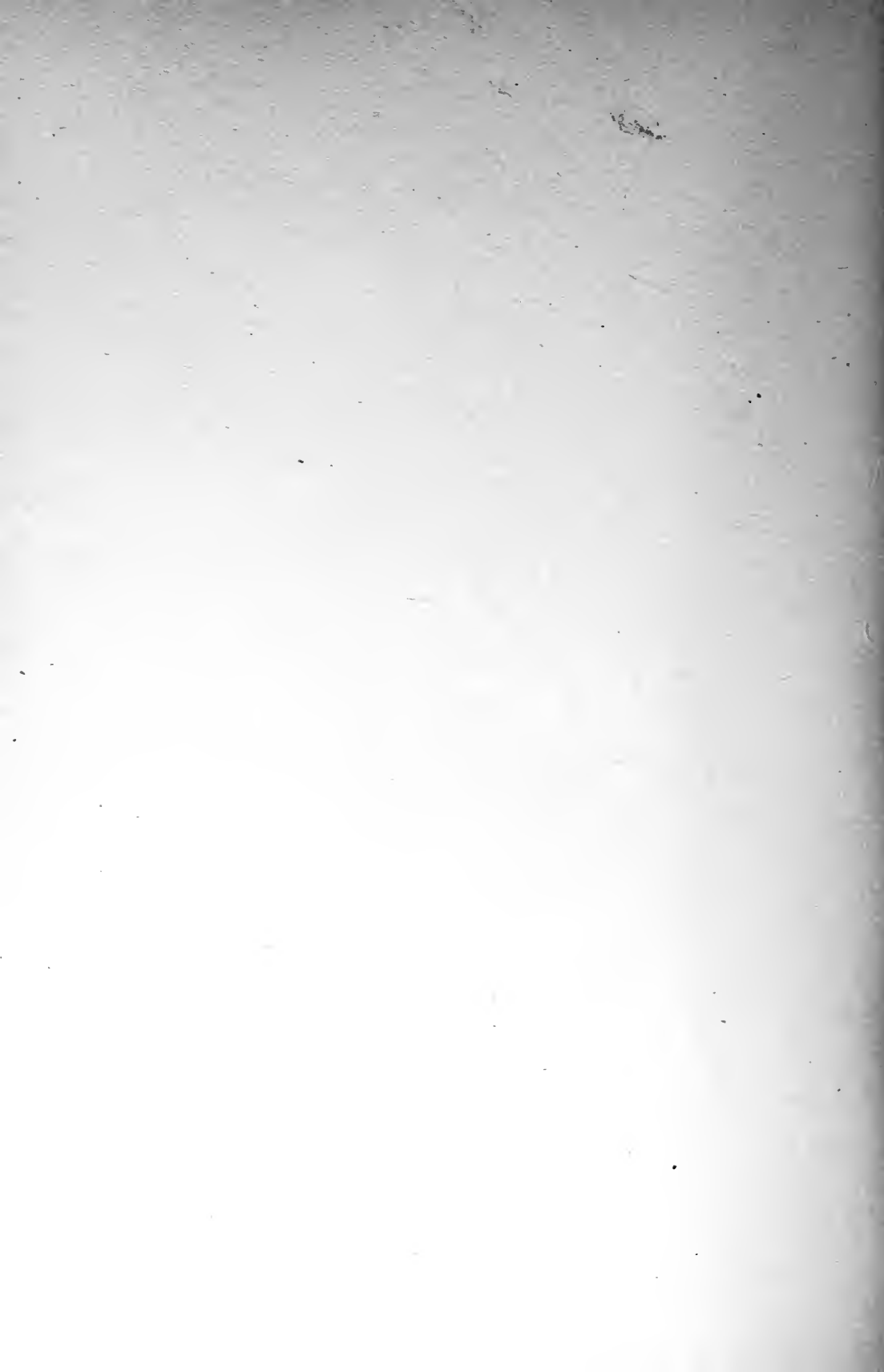
Says the banner in the hands of a patriot nigh;
A mighty wave of patriotism sweeps the throng.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
The cheers from the throng burst on the air
As column after column passes by.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
With hats in hand men bare their heads
As the stirring march is played.
Grim are the faces of men everywhere
As the determination that the Hun be flayed
Grips the throng of Freemen there.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
With hats in hand men bare their heads
As the stirring march is played.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Down the long corridors of Time
I hear the treading echoes of the millions to come.
Star-eyed, they ever move with a firm tread
To new fields of triumph for all the race
That knows how to follow the dream without dread.
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Down the long corridors of Time
I hear the treading echoes of the millions to come.

9-25-18

V.
LYRIC STRAINS



MAMMOTH CAVE

O the name of it now,
O the fame of it now,—
 Mammoth Cave;
O the whole of it then,
O the soul of it then,—
 Wondrous cave.

O the error of its make,
O the terror of its quake,—
 Darkest world;
O the quiet of its space,
O the riot of its face,—
 Maddest whirl.

O the wonder of its halls,
O the thunder of its walls,—
 Mighty cave;
O the depths of its pits,
O the depths of its pits,—
 Darkest cave.

O the height of its domes,
O the plight of its cones,—
 Fearful cave;
O the piles of its cities,
O the files of its ditties,—
 Greatest cave.

O the winding of its stairs,
O the finding of its airs,—
 Wondrous cave;
O the stars of its dome,
O the bars to its home,—
 Hidden cave.

O the story of its streams,
O the glory of its dreams,—
 Wondrous cave;
O the file of its lore,
O the pile of its store—
 Priceless cave.

O the ages of its time,
O the pages of writ fine,—
 Timeless cave;
O the echo of its halls,
O the echo of its falls,—
 Mammoth Cave.

THE MILLPOND

Behold the mill's wide pond,
With outlines of a bowl,
And peaks that rise beyond
To join the mountain fold.

Beneath the falls it lies,
Adorned with greenest sprays
Of growth, and trees that rise
Above the drooping sprays.

Down in the glassy depths,
The long fringe of trees vie
With peaks in greater depths
Of beauty, deep as a sigh.

On rocky ledge above
The mill in silence stands,
Where the miller in his love
Once toiled with dusty hands.

He kept time with the hum
Of the mill in his song,
Like tides with ceaseless hum
That ever move along.

The silence broods on the pond,
In quiet ev'ning shades,
And peaks peer way beyond
Abode of darkest shades.

The miller's spirit moves
With whisper of the trees—
The strange omen that proves
The mystery of these.

4-3-21

THE PINE TREE

Out the depth of the forest green
Arose the tall, grim pine;
Like a plumed knight of old he rose
In his stature sublime.

Out over a quivering lake
He waved his plumes adieu;
Like the waves of the deep to me
Were rise and fall so true.

Dark against the ev'ning sky
He loomed, so large, so deep;
Rising was my soul's emotion
So strong that I could weep.

Rooted deep in soil of past age,
With legend at thy feet,
Thou hast reared thy form aloft
A fairer time to greet.

Long may thy plumes wave there on high,
In thy new faith sublime;
Teach us the lesson of the past,—
With it legend entwine.

AN AVENUE OF TREES

An avenue of trees against the sky
Is like the hopes of men that never die.
The gentleness of the breeze in the trees
Is like spirits that know the essence of these.

Down the shady avenues of the world
The spirits of men continue to whirl—
Tenuous spirits, imbued with hope true,
That echo thru the ages a meaning for you.

9-5-20

THE GOAL

The goal! The goal! Has it been gained at last?
What of this goal? How appears it cast?
Long has been the hard struggle for the goal,
Many the heartaches for want of gold
To pursue the aim of a larger life,
Many the trials in the fearful strife,
Many the disappointments to the last,
Many the sighs for the good days past.

The goal is but a roll so very thin,
A roll that seems to mock me with chagrin;
Only a roll that comes in the long file,
Only a roll that speeds the step a mile.
What of struggle and trial does it tell?
What of the dream by the wayside well?
What then of all the years that intervene?
What of the old vision, what of the dream?

Ah! The roll is but a symbol so fair
Of the strivings of years to gain the rare
Peak of the visions of a youthful soul;
Only a resting place is this new goal
For the new day uprising. Then soul, arise!
For out of the glowing distances now rise
The vision of a new goal, brighter by far
Than the new day's harbinger, the morning star.

From goal to goal we travel all the day,
Like the pilot of the air who sailed away
To foreign shores with praise of a nation.
Planted within by divine creation
Is the greatest goal the world ever knew,
The goal that arose when the stars were few,
The goal of Hope that flares up in the soul
To beckon man on to conquer as of old.

Stand forth great anchor of the mighty soul!
Hold high the light caught from distant worlds
old
As time; flash the way to newer desires!
Herald the reign of new uprising empires—
Empires that spring surprising from decay,
Overturning systems outworn for aye.
Lead the way to Merlin's kingdom in the air
Where perfect souls contend so very fair.

6-12-20

THE DANDELION

O dandelion! O dandelion! art thou true?
Or art thou a fairy from the realms of the blue?
Or art thou a star in a beautiful sea of green—
The rarest reflection of the heavens to be seen?

Thou art surely a star from the realms of gold,
For thou hast multiplied like the stars of old;
And thou art set in as beautiful a sea of green
As any of the stars on the crown of the queen.

Just as the Sun-god in his chariot at dawn of day
Urges his flying steeds to press on their way,
All of the dandelions stand with their faces nigh
As if in supplication to their creators in the sky.

Then, when the stars have disappeared from view,
In the light of the sun, while the day is still new,
The dandelions fold themselves up secure
And await the return of their prototypes so pure.

RHODODENDRON

The rhododendron's abloom
By the water's edge;
Pink and white glow at noon
Above the rocky ledge.

Waves of foliage green
Mount the hill's crest;
While the flowers a-green
Stand on its breast.

Were ever flowers seen
With the beauty of these?
Rare in setting between
Shining water and trees.

Came them from the Mount,
The abode of Jove?
Or from Heaven's own Fount
Of God's pure love?

How they came to this stream,
To cliff and glen,
Must remain with the dream
In the hearts of men.

But the joy they bring
To the yearning heart
Is a fountain that may spring
Into the highest art.

LIFE

Life is a stream
That ebbs and flows;
Thru the world a-dream
He ever onward goes.

He flows between meads
Of the broad earth,
Where the city pleads
For a wider berth.

He leaps waterfalls
To churn and churn;
And rushes by the walls
Where campfires burn.

Flows over rocky ledge
With rippling sound,
And views the sea's edge
Whence he is bound.

Then joins his eternity,
The Jasper sea,
In one great fraternity
With you and me.

"LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE"

Live while you live!
What can be wiser?
What says the miser?
What, then, is it to live?

Live while you live!
Is life only pelf?
Is life all for self?
Does life ever forgive?

Live while you live!
Is life all roses?
Is life all posies?
What think you who live?

Live while you live!
Is life a chance
To play and dance?
Or is it ever to give?

Is life in the struggle
Where stony path
Is climb'd at last
In the great final struggle?

Is life expectancy that runs
Beyond the grave?
What think the brave
Who fight under burning suns?

Is life ever a stream
That ebbs and flows,
And forever onward goes
Thru the world a-dream,

And joins his Eternity,
The immaculate sea,
With you and me
In one great fraternity?

Is life a caldron vast
Of burning mass,
Of churning fast,
Of all its elements en masse?

Will it turn out gold,
With all the dross,
At fearful cost,
Cast aside from its hold?

Give yourself is to live!
Is this life's note?
Then I quote:
"Ever give while you live!"

And give yourself today!
Life is fleeting!
Life is defeating
Our every effort to stay!

LOVE

My heart yearns for the love that sings
Deep in the very nature of things;
My soul ever longs for the wings
To fly upon the waves of God's love
To drink at His pure fountain above
In the knowledge of the surest love.

Away from the noise of the battle's rage,
Away from the strife of life's misty page,
Away from the fool who talks like a sage,
I would explore the depths of things;
To seek the love crushed by cruel kings,
And to find a vibrant voice that sings

Of the world's great injustice and wrong;
To know why this voice changes to a song
Of triumph of the fast-moving throng.
I would know the love in the heart of one
Who toils beneath the burning sun,
And the soldier who moves with battle won.

I would know the love beneath the wrong,
I would know the love of those not strong—
The love that bears the struggle without a song.
I would know the love of laughter and jest,
The love of all life that moves the best,
The love that rises from the burning test.

My heart yearns for the love that sings
Deep in the very nature of things;
My soul ever longs for the wings
To fly upon the waves of God's love
To drink at His pure fountain above
In the knowledge of the surest love.

7-22-18

MEN

There are men who talk, talk,
There are men who pray;
There are men who walk, walk,
There are men who run away
To live another day.

There are men who cheat, cheat,
There are men who steal;
There are men who are neat, neat,
There are men who feel
No honor in being leal.

There are men who preach, preach,
There are men who strive;
There are men who teach, teach,
There are men who thrive
Working for all the hive.

There are men who plead, plead,
There are men who seek;
There are men who read, read,
There are men who are meek
Victims of those who reek.

There are men who work, work,
There are men who win;
There are men who shirk, shirk,
There are men who begin
With the blowing whin.

There are men who soar, soar,
There are men of revision;
There are men more and more,
There are men of decision
Who follow the vision.

There are men who boast, boast,
There are men who brag;
There are men who toast, toast,
There are men who drag
Others into war a-gag.

There are men who fight, fight,
There are men who fear;
There are men of might, might,
There are men who come near
Ruling the old sphere.

There are men who travel, travel,
There are men who roam;
There are men who unravel, unravel,
There are men far from home
Lashed by the stormy foam.

There are men who are men, men,
There are men like gods;
There are men who then, then,
Perform with glowing rods
Miracles like the gods.

MISUNDERSTOOD

I walk thru the Narrows,
Where once flew Indian arrows,
And pluck many lovely flowers
To carry away to quiet bowers.
I behold the mountain, battle-won,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,
And stand in wonder before its beauty.
I am misunderstood—a sacred duty.

I go with a true friend to rest
Where this mountain rises to the crest.
We sit above a flowing fountain
On the protruding shelf of cliff-mountain
Overlooking a hollow-shaded valley.
We assemble our books for a rally
With the poets of a former time.
We are misunderstood—an awful crime.

I help the weary woman with her load
And plow for the tired boy by the road;
I would aid the girl toiling in the sun
And hurry to save the drowning one;
I speak a word to cheer the weak
And ever shun the pretending-meek;
I hail the despairing man in the street.
I am misunderstood—it's not meet.

Sometimes I don't go to church on Sunday
And fail to pay my bills on Monday;
I seldom read to family members
And smoke my pipe lit with embers;
In the Spring I fish in the clear stream
And come home with fish, a-beam
With what rare joy and gladness!
I am misunderstood—it's all madness.

Are you a searcher for hidden beauty
And the happiness that is free of duty?
Are you a lover of the lowly of the race
And all those who cannot move with the pace?
Do you admire all nature, too,
And to yourself ever try to be true?
Then up and dare and do for all!
Misunderstood—I hear the chorus fall.

4-2-18

THE UNION OF SYMPATHY AND SKILL

Miss Sympathy walks down a path, not forlorn,
In a beautiful park on a bright May morn.
Her flaxen hair, blue eyes, and trim form
Are in keeping with the sweet expression on her face—
no scorn.

She is in love with all life, bird, flower and tree.
It is a glad Spring. The birds chatter free.
One birdie has fallen from its nest and injured its
wing;

She lifts it gently, the poor helpless thing,
To place it again in the nest.

Mr. Skill comes into the park, to rest
From strenuous labor, from the opposite side.
He leisurely walks up the path wide.
His dark hair shades a firm but serious face,
And in his keen black eyes there is a trace
Of genius plainly written there.

His neat, slender form completes the man fair.
He admires the symmetry of walk,
Flower-bed, tree-group, and winding chalk

Of the path up the hill. He comes
To where Miss Sympathy is trying, like one who runs,
To adjust the birdie in the nest;
But the nest has been pushed aside with zest
And won't hold the birdie. Mr. Skill bows,

And, after requesting if he may aid her, vows
He can safely adjust the nest on the bough.
While she wonders how,
He adjusts the nest to its former position,
Wherein she places the birdie—a transition
From pain and distress to security and rest.
Then, after introducing himself, thinking it best,

He departs to meet her afterwards in the same park.
There grew between them love—a spark,
And then this spark became a flame,
Thru which Miss Sympathy changed her name.
As time went on, years a few,
There was born to them a lusty girl, so true,
In whom Sympathy and Skill
Were united with a will.
She grew to womanhood in due time
And took upon herself the vows of a nurse betime,
And it has been said, and said so true,
That no one had a touch more tender for you,
And an eye and a hand with greater skill,
Than this fair woman, yet woman still;
But I have a guess that the angels know
She is one of them in her work here below.

2-21-21

MY MUSE

My Muse is ever a rhymester,
Choosing his place as a timester
Who will jingle along fine, Sir,
If the mere jingle is the thing.
He will perch himself aswing
The bough, and promise to wing

His way to heights of the blue,
Like the lark that bids adieu
To earth in early morning's dew
To rise to the heights unknown,
Singing a sweet song all his own.
But my Muse has never been known

To keep his promise, to me dear,
For he ever makes a start, I fear,
To be dashed to earth again near.
But this he will always do,
Regain the same bough anew
To try other directions a few.

Yet, my dear Muse, you do fail;
Before these promises I do quail,
And consider them of little avail.
If you wish to keep my trust,
Perform the good deed at a thrust,
And abide with me as you must.

Then, if this be denied me,
Remain forever in thy lone tree
Where thou canst, in time, see
Thou 'tempt'st the impossible, Sir,
In the world of glad song astir
With the energy of genius awhir.

7-I-18

THE IMAGE

Thou grave Image of old,
 What stories hast thou to tell
 Of kingdoms which rose and fell
In the long centuries before the age of gold?

What dost thou know of the kings
 Who ruled these kingdoms by the sea?
 Did they ascribe their right to thee,
Or to the power that from a selfish nature springs?

Speak, thou grave Image, speak!
 I would know the secrets of the ages
 From thine own lips—secrets of the sages
Who molded the thought of the high, the low, the
 meek.

In thy hollow eyes and lofty mien
 I read the record of thy nobility:
 Thou art surely a god of great fidelity,
For whom the sacred fires flashed in the silvery
 sheen.

What mother in humble prayer to thee
 Bowed the knee to ask thy blessing?
 What child to worship thee caressing
Was taught to lisp a prayer, a prayer from the
 heart to thee?

What father went in thy name
 To war against the neighboring tribes
 And brought back trophies as bribes
To win for himself in the native assemblies great
 fame?

What tiller of the soil
 Laid the fruits of his labor at thy feet,
 And besought thee imploringly to meet
His expectations with a bounteous harvest for
 his moil?

What tradesman bartered his wares
 In the open marts of trade or hall?
 Did he ascribe to thee all?
Or did he keep from the sale of his wares all as
 fares?

What hunter went forth to the chase,
 Armed with confidence in thy name,
 To bring back to his worthy dame
The wild boar, or the other great monsters of his
 race?

What artist didst thou inspire
 With a vision of the flame divine,
 Which caused him to confine
His efforts on the walls of hut or cave to thy de-
 sire?

What man defied thee there
And refused to believe in thy power?
Did he go to the reckoning hour
Mistrusted, berated, and on his lips no prayer?

Didst thou know of Montezuma and his gold,
And how wonderfully he reigned
Before the coming of those who feigned
Righteousness, while all the time they sought
nothing but gold?

Didst thou know of Cortez, the bold,
Who laid waste a fair and happy land,
And forced his conquering gold-mad band
To plunder the ruler of his government, houses,
and gold?

Thy secret thou wilt not give?
Let me see: Wast thou not the hope
Of men long before the coming of the Pope?
And wast thou not the inspiration of all who live?

Then count not thy religion vain,
For in the cycles of the ages as they go
Is it not of the greatest good for the race to
know
That all life is real and not something we feign?

WONDER AND BEAUTY ABOUT ME

All about me is the wonder
And beauty to the fill;
I am companion of the thunder .
And lightning by the rill.

I am in the beauty of the morn
As free as free can be;
I grow with the growing corn
In the expectancy that be.

I wing with the bee that sips
The nectar from the flower;
And plough the waves with ships
That go to their destined hour.

I stand at attention with the deer
At slightest quiver or sound;
And wave with rippling wheat near
To feel the quail on the ground.

I rise with the lark that sings
To his heart a sweet song;
And go with the dead that wings
His way to a world without wrong.

I am the growing child the while
To feel the pulse of life anew;
And ever march with the long file
To Destiny's eternal due.

I am in love with all life,
Life is in love with me;
I move with all this beauty rife
To a destiny sure as can be.

7-17-18

CONTENTMENT

You feel resentment
Toward contentment
When all the world,
In its mad whirl,
Is seeking her
In every place astir.
And rightly so—
Not there, you know.

But look afield
For the scenic yield;
Or walk by the stream
With thoughts a-dream;

Or behold the peak
That to me must speak;
Or read in the fountain
The wonders of the mountain.

On a fair May day,
Not very far away,
Sitting there unseen
By the quiet stream,
Watching sunbeam
Chase sunbeam
Up the still line
You fish with fine.

Lying at ease,
Yourself to please,
In the open wood,
Where shadows good
Sport and play,
And the sun all day
Shines thru from aloof
The forest roof.

Look in the fountain
Imaging the mountain,
Where the shade,
That knows no trade,
Darkens the ground
Far around,
And where green moss
Is proof against loss.

On mountain peak,
With nothing to seek
But the view afar
Of valley, hill and spar,
Where hill on hill
Is piled, till
Mountains rise high
To meet the very sky.

Reading the song,
That knows no wrong,
Of your favorite writer
When the day is brighter
Far less than noon;
Then all too soon
The time goes by
With no thought of why.

Join the throng
With the sweet song
Of fine contentment,
And feel no resentment,
If, in the silent eve,
Yourself to please,
You seek a quiet place,
The stars to trace.

5-4-18

THE BEE

How doth the bee distill
The honey from the flower?
How doth he get the will
To employ moments of the hour?

Who taught him the sure way
To gather sweets everywhere?
Where doth he get his pay
For the time he employs there?

O poor me! How can I tell?
Could I the secret unfurl,
Life in me would be a well
Of goodness overflowing the world.

And men would forget their woe
In a new brotherhood of the race;
And would forever forget the foe
In a world-loving embrace.

All life then would be sweet
As the honey from the dew;
And the faults of men would melt
Into ether of the rainbow's hue.

The bee! The lesson he teaches
To the yearning sons of men!
What to them would be the reaches
Of the peaks of song sung then?

HALT! IN YOUR MAD RUSH
FOR WEALTH

Halt! Your mad rush
For the gold of the hills
Would make the gods blush
For shame of your ills.

Halt! Your sheer madness
To seek the wealth of valleys
May bring you in sadness
To sweep our alleys.

Halt! Your gay dance
For mere pleasure only
May lead you to no chance
To keep from being lonely.

Far greater is the wealth
Of beauty in rose or peak,
Far greater the wealth of health,
Of which I speak.

SEEMING INEQUALITY OF THINGS

I buy the things I never get,
Heaps of books not sold;
I try forever to forget
Life's sordid things so cold.

I hope for what I never reach,
To sing a glad new song;
I long for that sure strength of speech
That builds a house gone wrong.

I pine for what I've never known,
The love that kindles a flame
Of high resolve, unfolding its own
Soul to enduring fame.

The slaves of men ride for their health
With fair princes of song;
The knaves of the world hide their wealth
Purloined from the mad throng.

Where is the equality of all men
In the sight of a just God?
Where is the Divine Sequel then
Of the riddle of the rod?

I pray for the freedom of men,
The brotherhood of the race;
A still small voice speaks to me then—
"It's all found in the mad race."

THE BOOKSELLER'S WARES

What does the Bookseller sell me
In the book of poems I buy?
What does the Bookseller tell me
When I ask the price for the buy?

Does he sell me what he bought
That he a fine profit may make?
Or does he tell me that I ought
To hand over a two-dollar stake?

He makes a profit from his wares,
Or else he would assur'dly fail;
But he, too, has a load of cares
In heaps of books without a sale.

He says truly it's worth the money,
And far more than the mere cost;
That, in its pages, I'll find song's honey,
And time spent there will not be lost.

Then he sells me hours of glad leisure,
Moments of happiness the more;
He sells me a whole mine of treasure,
All pure gold to the core.

He ever sells me rare new visions
In subtle, suggestive song;
He sells me strong resolute decisions
To wage unceasing war 'gainst wrong.

He sells me enrichment of soul,
And fairer fruits of the mind,
That aid me to comprehend the whole
In relation to this narrow field of mine.

His profit? Much less than mine,
And surely it must ever be;
For what I obtain from the mine
He only guessed when he bargained with me.

10-27-18

THE ROBIN

The robin piped;
Nature stirred
Without a word.
The earth was covered
With a carpet of green
At the call of the bird.

The trees budded,
Leaves came,
Flowers bloomed;
A flood of golden light
Came out of the night
With the bird groom'd.

6-16

THE HILLOCK'S STORY

All stony the little hillock lies
Wrapt in the weeds of many a day;
All smiling the happy valley tries
To supply the wants of man for aye.

All faded is the flowers' bloom
Which makes itself just barely seen,
In struggling long for place and room
Among the weeds so pale with green.

All golden the faithful vale now shines,
In the morning sun, with waving wheat;
Transformed is soul of hill betimes
Which here now finds his safe retreat.

Like a merry trav'ler, who now sails
On life's far tides, in calm, anent
The fairy isles, he happy sails
To the fairer vales of his content.

Do I now hear the Master say:
"For unto ev'ry one that hath,
(And hath done striven in the way),
Shall be given (in the aftermath);

But from him that hath (it) not,
(And hath not striven in the way),
Even that which he hath (now got)
Shall be (forever) taken away?"

UNIVERSES

There's the universe of the sea
With its lion and clam;
There's the universe of the land
With its beetle and man;
There's the universe of the air
With its eagle and bee;
There's the universe of God
With the Savior and me.

7-17-18

VI.

QUATRAINS

EXPECTANCY

O Expectancy! What a gem thou art
Set among the rough stones of reality!
To me thou art ever a part
Of that vague thing men call finality.

6-14-18

MIRACLES

How events crowd into an hour
For the making of a nation!
How God works in power
For the saving of creation!

7-17-18

DEATH AND LIFE

Death is a transition
Of position;
Life is the position
In transition.

MEN AND HOPE

Hope flares up to stay
In the hearts of men, I wis;
Will you tell me, pray,
What men are without this?

THE DIVINE URGE

Springs up in man the divine urge
To overcome his narrow fate;
Like swelling ocean's greatest surge,
A law of nature to compensate.

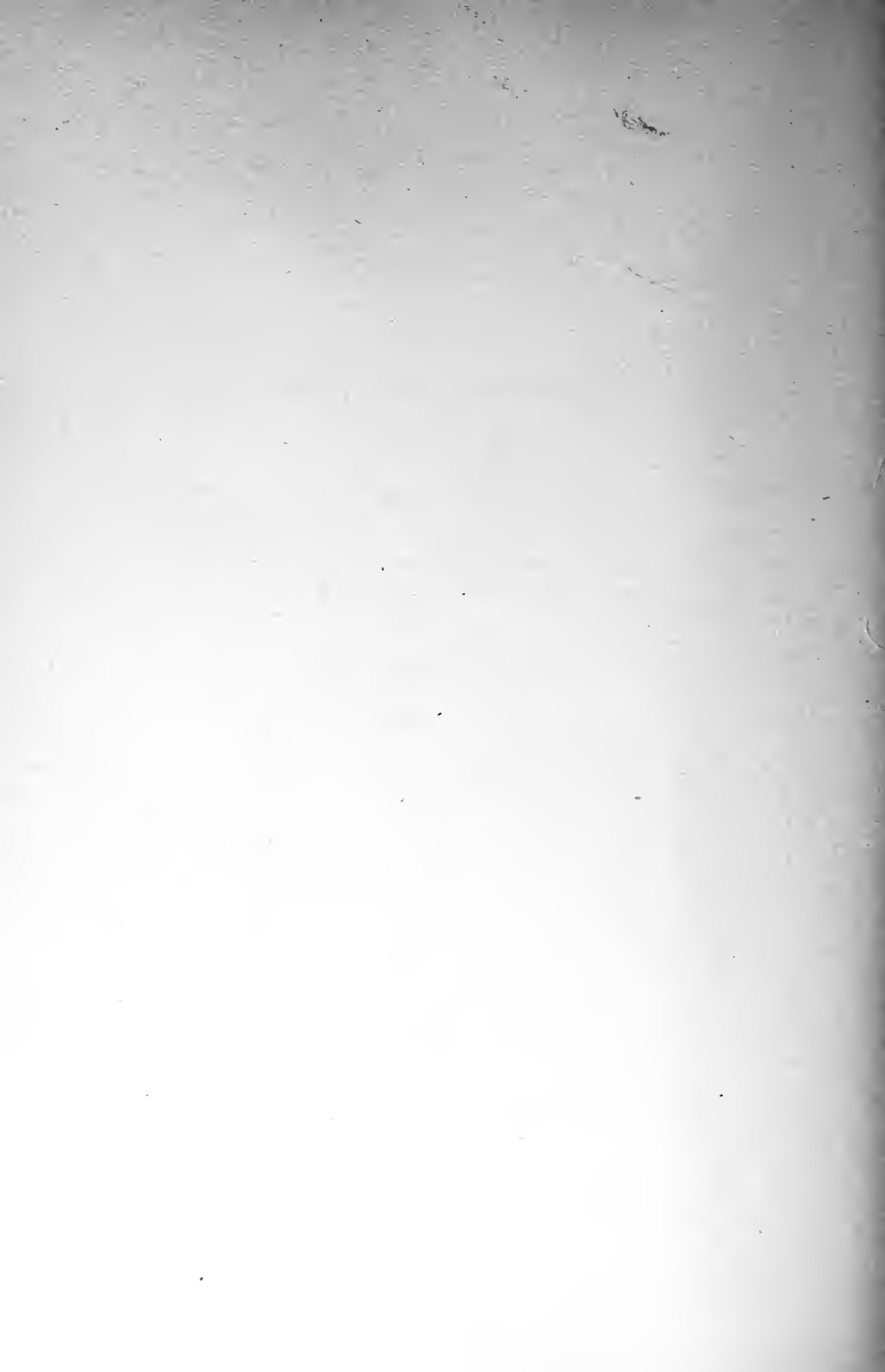
12-10-20

MIRRORED IS THE WORLD

Mirrored is all the world
In the fountain from which I drink;
Continue men to whirl
Thru the small world in which I think.

12-10-20

VII.
SONNETS



HIGHLANDER TO HIGHLANDER

Hark, the sound of the bugle
O'er the stretch of unfolding centuries!
Onward sweeps the sound thru the valleys
And echoes from mountain side and cove.
Rise up, ye noble Highlanders, and hear
The call of your brothers across the sea:
"Release your lyric Muse, and pour forth
In heroic strains, as in the days of old,
The stories of your griefs and agonies of soul;
The tales of your courage, patience and faith,
In your wanderings and triumphs
Of these mighty four hundred years.
Hark back to Scott with his noble, romantic lines,
And to the royal Burns with more musical rhymes."

11-7-15

THE TEACHER

Who says the teacher teaches only for pelf
In this the greatest work of the hour?
It is he who is blind to the teacher's real self
And has not fathomed his wonderful power.
Far nobler is his well-wrought art,
Far nobler the calling in which he plays his part.
He becomes the foundation stone of a mightier state,
The true builder of the brotherhood of the race;
He declares all wars to be of an evil fate
And toward the dawn of final peace will ever face.
He builds in the minds of men the lofty dream
That will lay foundations for empires of the soul;
He creates new desires in men that seem
To make them strive in a much larger role.

6-25-15

AMERICA

In the world's wide space
Between two mighty oceans,
Where the new continent broadens
As broadens the soul of man,
And where, not by accident but by fate,
The timely discovery was made
By the world's most dauntless heroes,
There looms on the horizon of the New World
A NEW COUNTRY—a country that means
“Opportunity”
To the daring, yearning soul
Seeking freedom and those who are free.
Blessed freedom! Thrice blessed the free!
In a country where the minds and souls of men
broaden
Like the mighty expanse of the immaculate sea.

5-15-16

THE VISION

Lord, in this whirlwind hour,
When rebellion shakes the world,
Making Right submissive to the power of Might,
And the fearful storms continue to whirl
The world's masses into the darkness of night,
Give us a great vision of thy sacred creed.
Help us to free ourselves from this fight
Of crime, arrogance, selfishness and greed!
Help us to see this war's awful horror
In the true light of the peace of to-morrow.
Give us a vision of these fighting millions
With the stories their lives have to tell;
Give us a vision of worlds beyond our ken,
Give us a vision of how to live among men.

3-30-16

THE SOUL

"Truly there are centuries in which the soul lies dormant and slumbers undisturbed."—*Maeterlinck*.

Out of the chaos of things—
Darkness, mystery, discordant elements,
Waters, land, and creeping things,—
Out of the whirlpool of teeming life
Came a wandering embryo soul.
Thru ten million-million forms it passed,
Grew and changed, changed and ever grew,
Till Destiny, armed with a mighty purpose,
Lodged it in the body of a little child.
And separated from its spiritual universe,
Here it lay dormant for a time,
Till one day it took possession of this body
And went forth to hear the music of the Spheres
And see the glory of a New Heaven and a New Earth.

12-17-16

TO R. C. H.

Come, my friends, with me today,
And let us seek a quiet place away
From the toil of those who fret and sigh,—
On the crest of yonder mountain high,
Where columbine casts a beauty about our feet
And a flash comes from ev'ry red bird we meet.
Let us look away to distant peaks that rise
To greet the morning star, looking wise;
And, still beyond, let our imaginations sweep
To other worlds which the laws of nature keep.
Let our souls ever commune, and in unison be,
As when we first met, and you opened to me
The vast Elysian Fields of Literature
And bade my life ascend there and be secure.

6-7-18

THE MOUNTAINS

I

Behold the mountain's lofty summit wrapt in the mists
of the early morning—

The shifting, flying mists that are seeking its cavernous
recesses as retreats;

The lightning's quick flash on flash follows in rapid
succession; the warning

Peals of thunder reverberate along the mountain's
sides, and, rolling on, repeats

Itself with such volume as to astonish the beholder
crouched beneath its crest—

He, the searcher for beauty or hidden treasure, of an
age forgotten long ago.

The storm rages, the rain comes down in torrents
around the beholder at rest,

And all the waters of a thousand rills leap over crags to
the valley below.

A change: The rain ceases, and the mists begin to lift
and fly away;

The world of trees look refreshed and the movement
shows rejoicing in every tree;

The rugged cliffs loom thru the green verdure as if for
an age and not a day;

And the chirrup of a bird may be heard as the man
shakes himself of his shelter free.

The resplendent sun pours a flood of beams upon the
bewitching scene,

And the mountain, as beautiful as Mount Ida of old,
is crowned Queen Irene.

7-4-15

II

The mountain rears his form
To struggle with the storm.
Blow storm! Blow! And roar
Down the gorges the more;
Lift spray from rushing stream
Like hurr'ing steeds in dream;
Whirl the leaves in the air,
Bring down trees everywhere;
Smite the cliffs in the face,
Keep up the wild mad race.
And when all has been done,
Ye storms, ye have not won!
The hero's robe ye tore;
Ye gods, he won once more.

12-9-20

III

My heart leaps with the rills
Of far-famed hills;
Trips thru meadows a-dream
By silver stream,
To fair isles of Content,
Where boats, anent
These isles, sail at their ease
On placid seas.
Then swing upon the breeze
Thru balmy trees,
Or float upon the waves
Past quiet caves
To pure enchanted place—
Rest from mad race.

I-10-21

IV

Leap up, ye hills! Ye hills!
I know there are no ills
Where thy purest fountains
Come from wildest mountains;
Where thy glad rushing streams
Carry most vivid dreams;
Where the deep-sounding caves
Hide beside roaring waves;

Where the gentle dews of the morn
Awake to sure toot of the horn;
Where rises in superb outline,
On the horizon's wavy line,
The figure of lusty youth
Who breathes in the very soul of truth.

I-15-21

A-DREAM AT THE PLOW

A-dream at the plow.
Yet we wonder how
Ambition can surge at the heart of youth
With so great an urge to know the truth
That the universe of action swings into his ken,
And this vision comes to him then:
Of the hero carrying the flag thru the storm,
Of the orator swaying the multitude for reform,
Of the statesman standing at the helm of the nation,
And of the lowly Savior pleading for all creation.
He is hero, orator, statesman, Savior all in one,
Advancing the cause of humanity till it is won.
The plow jostles him, and he is called from his dream
To what things are, and not what they seem.

7-14-18

THE CALL OF THE WOODS

I hear the call of the woods today.
I must up and away
While the urge is upon me.
I go. I lean against the big oak tree
And hear the whisper of the Dryad
Who has revealed himself to myriad
Songsters from Chaucer to Noe.
“Hasten,” said the Dryad, “for you must know
The woods is alive with the spirit that quickens;
And where the broad forest thickens,
Just beyond, there the Dryads dance
To welcome thee, wishing only the chance
To greet him who beauty see
In leaf and flower and tree.”

6-15-18

THE OLD APPLE TREE

Just beside the forest great,
Close to a path traveled a generation ago,
Stands the old apple tree to wait
The final summons to go.
Amid a new grown forest, with vines
Entwined about his stooping form,
He ever clings to life, but pines
For the good old days that are gone.
Like an old man who has spent
His allotted time in service true,
With the ranks of his generation rent
By death, in a generation that is new,
He holds to life that to him is dear
And approaches the end without fear.

6-14-18

THE SEVEN SISTERS

NOBLE SISTERS, art thou seven?
Or hast one gone down to thy heaven
To mingle with the dust of the ages
As did the pyramids of the Nile—the sages
Of Egyptian civilization erstwhile?
Hast she gone to enrich thy Nile?
Rearing thy rugged forms toward the sun,
Like the famous Pillars of Hercules, one by one,
Thou dost ever repose here, crowned
With the gorgeous beauty of the hills, and renowned
Alike for wealth of mineral and foliage meet.
Clear waters of a mountain river bathe thy feet,
Paralleled by a modern commercial highway,
Built by our Highland Hercules in a day.

5-31-18

THE NARROWS

The trembling earth, a rumbling noise,
Rocks crashing from a precipitous height,
And, enveloped in a cloud of smoke,
A mountain appears across the path
Nature has set for the course of things.
A thousand streams rush against this wall,
And rise higher, higher, and yet higher,
Till an angry lake sweeps from its crest
Far, far away among distant peaks.
Then a mighty struggle for the pass
Between mountain and stream begins;
But time allies itself with the stream—it wins.
Now two mountain peaks look down,
Thirteen hundred feet, on a peaceful river flowing be-
tween.

4-2-18

THE SCHOOL CHILD

"The best is hardly good enough,"
Was said by our Kentucky sage;
"The best is hardly good enough,"
For the child of this or any age.
The best schoolhouse money can buy,
The best means of every kind;
And the best teacher you can try
For the training of the child's mind.
The best parents that can be found
For noble youth of our fair land;
The best place that can them surround
While they grow up under our hand.
But, when all these are said and done,
There is something yet due each one.

10-13-18

TO J. C. W.

Hail to thee! Our northern singer!
Thou who art the bringer
Of myth, and story, and glad song
From out the seclusion of time grown long.
Thou art the spirit of that fairest clime
Released from hill, lake, stream and pine,
And now walk in thy fairer dreams
Thru Elysian Fields by lovely streams.
This is thy soul-enchanted land,
Where the touch of thy surer hand
Makes real the beliefs of a race
Swept aside in the long, mad pace
By the onward sweep of a New Freedom
That forgot the Old in a New Cree'dom.

9-20-20

A TRUE BROTHERHOOD

Father and son at the hot noonday hour
Step from the grasp of worldly power
Down into the deep gorge by the stream,
Beneath the dense rhododendron, to dream
Away the tired feelings of the morning's hunt.
They commune in a close companionship—a stunt
That every father and son ought to perform—
One that will bring about a mighty world reform.
They toss aside their hats and fan the brow
In a cooling breeze that seems to know how
To lave the weary feelings of pilgrims here.
They break the bread of life in a dear
Brotherhood—one that summons to noblest good
In a world of the fairest and best manhood.

I-15-21

THE TOUCH OF GENTLE HANDS

In a kind of dream it seem
Fairies come gliding into my room, abeam
With sunny rays of gladness—
A sure cure for this dreamy sadness.
Unannounced they come,
Bringing in their chubby hands some
Flowers, in wreath all aglow,
Set among glistening sprays of pure snow.
Did they come from goddess-hands pure?
Of this I am quite sure,
For gentle hands borne up by fairy wings—
Gentleness that only mother-hand brings—
Were seen to place them on the table there
And disappear, leaving my sick-room so fair.

2-20-21

THE FLOWERS

The flowers! The flowers!
How they while away the tedious hours!
Their sweet perfume drifts about the room;
Their blended colors are a visual boon.
Tender hands have placed them there,
Noble thoughts prompted the deed I'm aware,
Pure hearts were back of it all,
And friendships that come without call.
You can never know the good you do—
You who cheer the weary and the blue—
For I have not the power to tell you
How they touched and charmed me thru
The severe trial of a year in a week
And made my heart humble and meek.

2-21-21



VIII.

HUMOROUS POEM

THE LITTLE BROWN PILL

Three boys, Joe, Tom and Bill,
Of'n ranged from hill to hill,—
Boys out for sport on leisure days,
And found it in many comical ways.

One day they lolled on the green,
(Joe was out for some fun, I ween).
Said he to Tom and Bill,
"Let's try a little brown pill."

"You say you are at rest,
Then I'll just put you to the test;
My hat down on the spot,
Now come on with yours on top."

"Call it a dare if you say,—
Anything to pass away the day.
You don't hear, I believe,
Then I'm ready to leave."

"All right, we take the dare,
Here goes to be fair,
Our hats down we toss;
It will all be your loss."

"Now, Bill, you first," says Joe.
Then Tom bursts out, "I say so."
"Very well, here goes,"
"Look out for your nose."

"Ha! You go yours well.
Wait, mine begins to swell."
There, well, don't amble,
Bill has his a-scramble.

Bill Nye, Ward and Twain for fun,
They are great as the stories run;
But you have missed your mark,
For here laughs continued till dark.

4-II-15

IX.

Poems of Ruth Maurine Fuson

STARS, PLAY WITH ME

O stars! Come down and play with me;
I am as lonely as can be.
You look so gay and bright up there
In your great big world so fair.

I can't come all the way up to you,
Up in your world so blue;
But you just drop down to me
With all of your bright glee.

WORK AND PLAY

Now to work and soon to play,
We shall be busy all the day.
Merry and happy at play or work,
Our duties we never, never shirk.

SPRING

Spring has indeed come at last;
Winter has long ago passed.
The birds are merry with song,
Singing all the day long.
The bright flowers bloom here and there,
Sending their sweet perfume in the air.
This good old world is very gay,
Dressed in Spring's bright array.
This is the glad wish we sing:
"Long live our dear Queen Spring."

INDEX

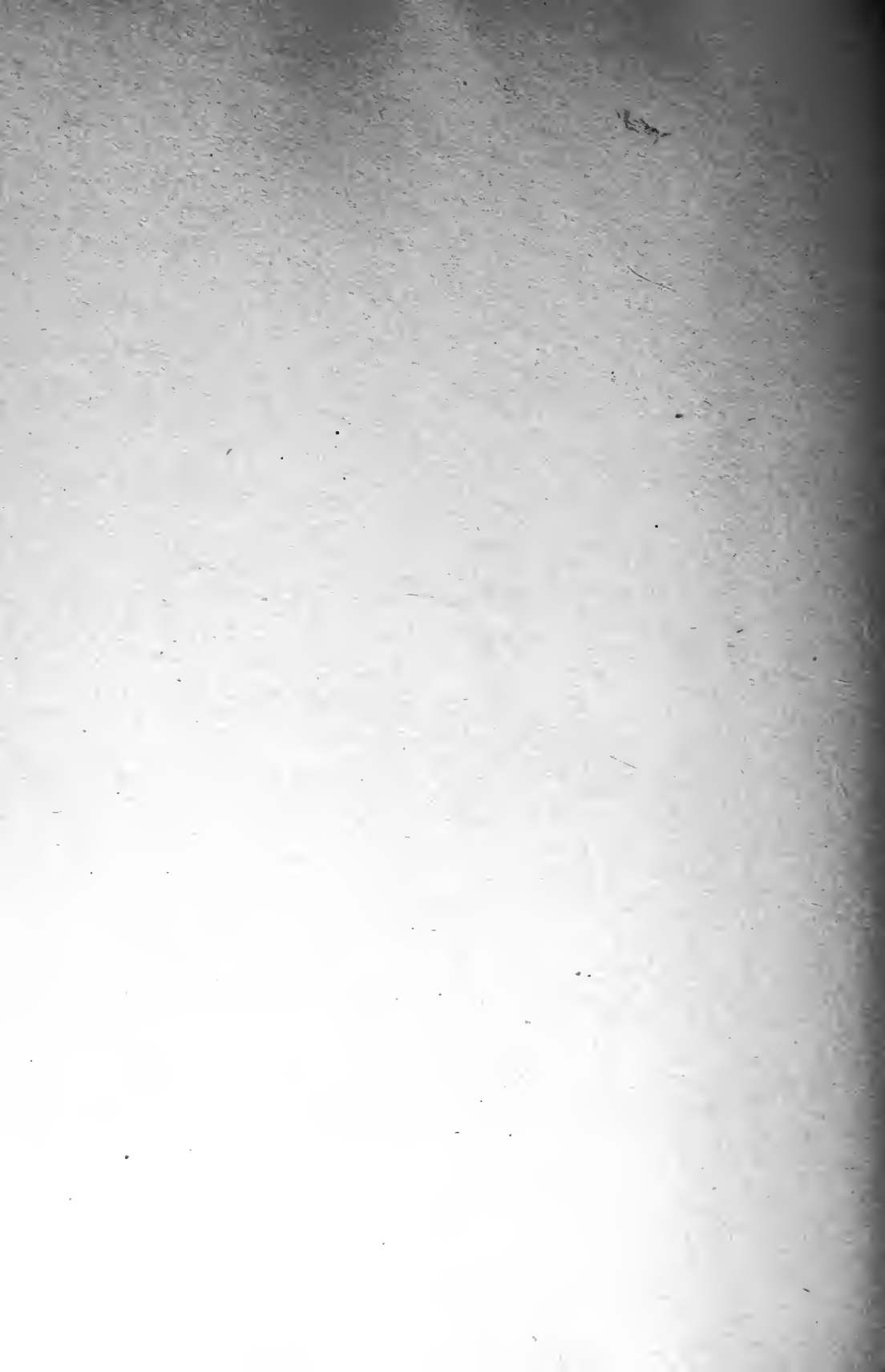
INDEX TO TITLES

	Page
Adown the Woodland Way.....	97
A-dream at the Plow.....	178
America.....	171
Army on Parade, The.....	121
Autumn.....	89
Autumn Sun, The.....	91
Avenue of Trees, An.....	130
 Bee, The.....	155
Bookseller's Wares, The.....	158
Burdened Soul, The.....	12
Burnt Cabin, The.....	102
 Call of the Woods, The.....	179
Clump of Cedars, The.....	115
Contentment.....	152
Cumberland Gap.....	74
 Dandelion, The.....	133
Dandelion Again, The.....	106
Dead Knight, The.....	21
Death and Life.....	165
Divine Urge, The.....	166
 Expectancy.....	165

	Page
Fishermen, The.....	86
Flowers, The.....	187
Garden, The.....	84
Goal, The.....	131
Halt! In Your Mad Rush for Wealth.....	156
Hanging Rock, The.....	98
Highlander to Highlander.....	169
Hillock's Story, The.....	161
Hunt in Florida, The.....	94
Image, The.....	148
Just Forty-Two.....	119
Life.....	135
Little Brown Pill, The.....	191
Live While You Live.....	136
Lone Pine, The.....	104
Love.....	138
Mammoth Cave.....	125
Men.....	140
Men and Hope.....	166
Millpond, The.....	127
Miracles.....	165
Mirrored Is the World.....	166
Misunderstood.....	142

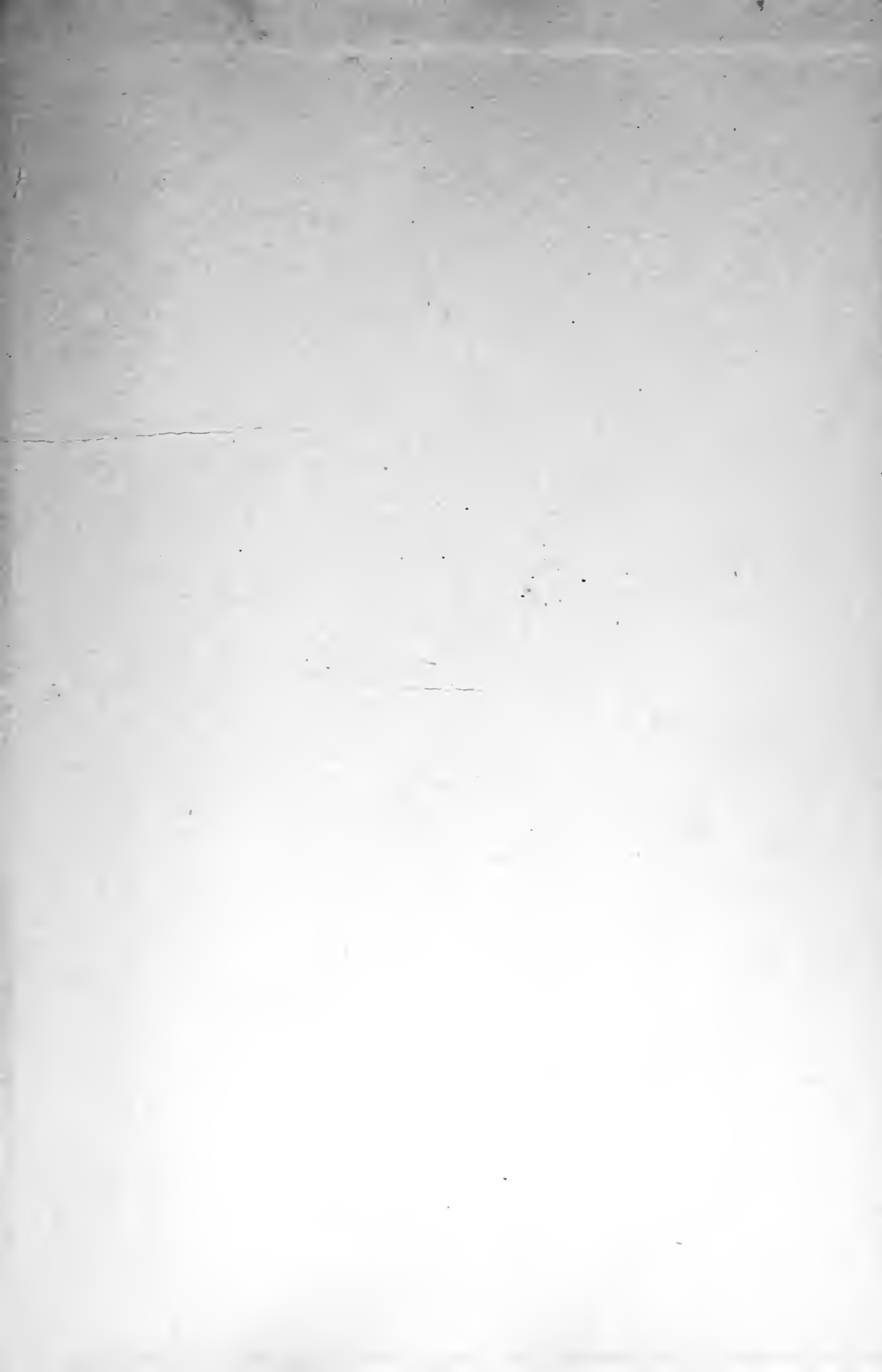
	Page
Mountains, The, I, II, III, IV	175
My Muse	146
Narrows, The	182
Narrows Again, The	80
October Day, An	92
Old Apple Tree, The	180
O Soul Divine	11
Out of the Dark Valley	29
Panama Canal, The	82
Peace, Sweet Peace	19
Pine Tree, The	129
Pineville	114
Pinnacle, The	73
Rhododendron	134
Robin, The	160
School Child, The	183
Seeming Inequality of Things	157
Seven Sisters, The	181
Soul, The	173
Spirit of the Mob, The	32
Spirit or Man-God	23
Spring	196
Spring in the Mountains	112
Stars, Play with Me	195
Swift's Silver Mine	3

	Page
Teacher, The.....	170
To J. C. W.....	184
To R. C. H.....	174
To Sue.....	28
Touch of Gentle Hands, The.....	186
Trailing Arbutus, The.....	100
True Brotherhood, A.....	185
Unconquerable Soul, The.....	17
Union of Sympathy and Skill, The.....	144
Universes.....	162
Valley of the Brae, The.....	39
Vision, The.....	172
Whippoorwill, The.....	110
Why these Poems.....	Preface
Wonder and Beauty About Me.....	151
Wonderful Tree, The.....	26
Woodland, The.....	108
Work and Play.....	195









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 012 402 849 8

